

Tales from Coolshannagh by Steve Crawshaw

Adapted from the book The Demise of Friday the Pig, Tales from Coolshannagh by Christo Loynska.

MICHAEL MALONEY SPEAKS

1 EXT. GYPSY CARAVAN. DAY.

1

Freeze frame on DJANGO MALONI, 30s, tall, good looking with long dark hair, his wife GERTRUDA, 30s, very attractive and long dark hair, and their three children, STOCHELO, 11, a large boy and TOMAS AND MARITSA, 9. They all stand by the caravan.

NARRATOR

Our tales begin in the Year of our Lord 1900 and meander for twenty years or so. But we firstly go back twenty years earlier to meet 'Django' Maloni who was Head of a small clan of Sinti Gypsies drifting around Ireland following age-old trails. Django and Gertruda had three children and I think Django would have liked more but Gertruda, a strong minded woman, said three was enough and that was that. Stochelo was the eldest.

Camera on Stochelo.

NARRATOR

The eldest is Stochelo. Then there are the twins Maritsa and Tomas who are two years younger.

Camera on MARITSA and TOMAS.

2 INT. GYPSY CARAVAN. EVENING.

2

Stochelo enters and looks at the hearth. The fire has gone out. Tomas is wrapped in an EIDERDOWN reading a BOOK by a single CANDLE light.

STOCHELO

You eejit! You useless gob-shite! The fire's out and Django will be back any

moment. Tommy, for God's sake!

TOMAS

I'm sorry Stochelo, I was reading my book and lost track of the time.

STOCHELO

Reading! You can't read any more than can I. We'll both get a belting and it's your fault.

NARRATOR

There is an old Sinti proverb which goes something like this, 'A good father knows when to stop hitting his son; a bad father never knows when to start.'

Stochelo tears the book from Tomas's hands and repeatedly hits him around the head with it until the hard-cardboard cover detaches from the pages. Tomas picks up a two-foot WROUGHT IRON POKER which is close to the cast-iron STOVE and hits Stochelo over the head which bleeds. The candle goes out. Stochelo wrestles Tommy to the floor, gets on top of him and starts punching him in the face.

STOCHELO

Reading you say! I'll teach you to read! Read this!

Stochelo is in mid punch when Django's hand grips his collar and he flies out of the back of the caravan and lands on the ground. Stochelo breathes heavily.

DJANGO

If you don't mind boys, let's call a halt to these festivities while I light the lamp and cast some light on the situation.

Django lights the OIL LAMP.

DJANGO

It would appear that you boys are having a disagreement.

Django examines the boys.

DJANGO

By the look of things, it's a draw; what say you?

Stochelo and Tomas look at the ground.

DJANGO

Fair enough. It's a draw and 'tis me who is the referee. Now lads, tell me what happened and may you burn in the fires of Hell if you utter a lie. The truth now. Stochelo you first.

STOCHELO

Tomas let the fire go out.

TOMAS

I was reading my book.

DJANGO

I did not know that you could read Tommy, nor indeed that you had a book.

TOMAS

Well I cannot read yet Da' but the book has drawings in it and it is a grand story.

DJANGO

From where did you get the book?

TOMAS

From the witch who lives in the cottage by the sea at the edge of Coolshannagh. I met her in the woods collecting mushrooms and the like. I carried her basket.

DJANGO

Mary-Ellen is no witch, boys, just an old wise woman that knows the ways of nature.

TOMAS

Anyway Da`, she said she had no money and that the book would be a better gift. She said it's about a man who gets stuck on a far-away island. His name is Robertson Caroo or something like that.

DJANGO

What do you say Stochelo?

STOCHELO

I say that reading is a waste of time.
 You can't read Da' and you are the
 Bandolier, you're leader of the clan.
 I can't read and will be one day.
 Tommy can't read but wasted his time
 looking at pictures and let the fire
 go out and we will have no supper.

DJANGO

Get the fire going Stochelo and the
 paper in the book will make good
 tinder.

Camera on Tomas looking unhappy.

While the following narration is in progress we see Stochelo
 watch gypsy wagons leave. Tomas (older) in a goldfield and
 Maritsa (older) emerge from a church having got married.

NARRATOR

Times were hard and Stochelo said good-
 bye to his mother, father, brother and
 sister who left with half of the clan
 to travel over the water and try their
 luck in the Black Country of England.
 You are probably thinking that a
 twelve-year-old could not, should not,
 have been left but it was different
 then and we must not judge. Stochelo
 grew up to be a big, powerful man much
 respected. Tomas grew up quickly and
 wearied of Dudley in the Black
 Country. His itchy feet took him to
 Ballarat, to try his luck in that
 Australian goldfield. He was not heard
 of for maybe ten years. Maritsa
 married a man from Tipton and became
 Mary Smout.

3 CARD: 18 YEARS LATER.

3

4 INT. SCHOOLROOM.

4

FATHER JOSEPH FITZGERALD, late 60s, is in a classroom where
 forty eight DESKS and CHAIRS are laid out in neat rows. He
 shakes hands with LUDMILLA SENTNA, 40s, tall and attractive.

LUDMILLA

Thank you Father and I will not
 disappoint you in my teaching but you

are aware I`m not a Catholic?

FATHER JOSEPH

Oh, I don't think that matters much. Most of the people in Coolshannagh are only Catholics by habit. The men come to church on Sundays as something to do before going to the pub. If you want to go to church at all, I'll clear a space at the back and that can be the Jewish quarter.

Father Joseph and Ludmilla laugh.

5 GYPSY CAMP. DAY.

5

The CARAVANS are arranged in a ring. Stochelo, now a big and powerful man, stands opposite his brother Tomas who holds the halter of a horse. Tomas spits on his right hand, Stochelo does the same and they shake hands.

NARRATOR

Stochelo is now the leader of the tribe and known simply as `The Big Gypo`. He didn't take offence to that name and neither did anyone else, so it was in those days.

STOCHELO

You've been away then Tommy, for a while - where you bin?

TOMAS

Oh, you know, here and there, Australia, America, South Africa, places like that. And yourself?

STOCHELO

Coolshannagh. I went to Belfast once but found it a noisy, filthy place.

Stochelo and Tomas stand face to face, and gaze sternly eye to eye. (Pause) They hug each other, squeeze, laugh and hold back tears.

6 GYPSY CAMP. EVENING. SAME DAY.

6

Fires burn and most of the men are drinking. The women congregate and some have children asleep in their arms. There is singing and dancing to VIOLIN, DRUM and WHISTLE. Stochelo and Tomas are sat round a fire.

TOMAS

So Ma and Da live in a house in
Birmingham.

STOCHELO

And what of Maritsa?

TOMAS

She has disowned being a gypsy.

Stochelo shows no emotion.

STOCHELO

And why are you here Tommy?

TOMAS

To see you and buy horses, mainly to
buy horses.

Both laugh.

STOCHELO

I will not put my mark to any paper
Tommy. A deal is a deal and it's done
and dusted. That's the way of it, as I
believe you well know. That has always
been the way of it.

TOMAS

Of course, it's good enough for me
Stochelo. I will say once more to try
to get it into your thick head, I am
buying the horses for men in England,
hard men at that. They require the
bill of sale; how else are they to
know that the price I say is the price
I've paid? These men are not Gypsies.
The old ways are not their ways - you
must sign the bill of sale. For
Christ's sake Stochelo, be reasonable!

STOCHELO

Well it seems to me that it's your
issue Tommy me old son, not mine.

TOMAS

Stochelo, you're talking to a dead man
unless I go back across the water with
a bill of sale. They are big city men
with guns, sharp knives and razors in
their pockets. Why, in Birmingham these

same hoodlums staked a man upright and half-naked in a pit of quicklime. To begin with he was up to his ankles and then every day they shovelled more in until he was up to his... well, you can guess where.

STOCHELO

I`m aware of quicklime and I wouldn`t want a fate like that to befall my own brother.

Tomas takes from his waistcoat a folded PIECE of PAPER which he spreads out.

TOMAS

I know you can write your name Stochelo. Just sign it here and here.

Tomas points to the paper. Stochelo signs.

TOMAS

And you have made a good profit and I can take this fine Connemara mare to Jack Doogan in Birmingham. And I must be off with no delay as there is a train to Belfast and with luck I`ll be on the boat before night.

STOCHELO

You`ll miss that one. Stay and go tomorrow.

Tomas smiles and pours himself a whiskey.

7 COOLSHANNAGH VILLAGE. DAY.

7

The camera moves through the village from the station to Duffy`s bar.

NARRATOR

Coolshannagh lies between Belfast and Dublin. It has a station, Duffy`s bar and a school. You may ask where the post office is, the undertaker`s, the butcher`s or the greengrocer`s. All trading goes on in Duffy`s.

8 EXT. DUFFY`S BAR. LUNCHTIME.

8

The bar has painted on the wall 'seller of porter, fine ales,

whiskey and wine.` The door opens from the inside and the camera goes into the bar.

9 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

9

There are lots of people in the bar, drinking and talking. The camera goes through to the back room where there are a couple of COFFINS with PINTS of GUINNESS resting on them.

NARRATOR

A scandal once occurred when the pennies covering old O'Reilly's eyes disappeared and the blame was put squarely on the shoulders of the drunk Costello who was known to be short of the price of a pint.

Camera back in the main bar. Tomas is stood at the bar behind which stands DUFFY.

TOMAS

I'm away to the train station but I must have a final Guinness before I go. Sure, the stuff in England is not the same, no way. You can order a pint and it settles straight away, it's so thin. Not like the stuff you sell here Duffy, worth the ten-minute wait and the head is like cream.

DUFFY

Ah, they put stuff in it to get it across the sea, is what is said. Chemicos boy! I tell you straight that no chemicos go into this stout. I would kill the man who tried to put a chemico into my beer.

Duffy gives the Guinness a last top up then puts it on the bar.

DUFFY

You're the brother of Stochelo, the Big Gypo are ye not?

TOMAS

That I am. Tommy is my name; sure, you must remember - I've come across to do a bit of horse trading but I'm on the train in an hour and then back over the sea.

DUFFY

A profitable trip I hope?

Duffy cleans glasses as he speaks.

TOMAS

Not so bad, ye know. I've bought a few nags and a decent enough mare from the Big Gypo. I should make a few quid at the Horsefair in Birmingham.

DUFFY

I hear Big Gypo is a tremendous horse-trader, no better in Ireland it is said.

TOMAS

If't is said at all I wager it comes out of the mouth of the man himself. Sure, he's ok but not so smart as he thinks he is, not by a long chalk!

Tomas takes a long drink and smiles.

TOMAS

By God, I needed that. It's been worth the trip just for the beer. Here, I want to show you something.

Tomas reaches into his pocket and passes Duffy a piece of paper.

TOMAS

Read it! That's how smart my brother is!

Duffy reads the words out and a few others in the bar lean close to hear.

DUFFY

I Stochelo, *The Big Gypo*, do not have the sense I was born with and should not put my name down on bits of paper that I can't read. I have the face to match a donkey's arse. I am a fair eejit as I sold a fine brood mare for fifty-guineas to my wonderful brother Tommy who will sell it for double. I will buy anyone who asks a pint.
Signed *Stochelo*.

The men in the bar all laugh and clap each other`s shoulders.

TOMAS

Duffy, do ye mind if I pin this note
above the bar, just for the craic?

DUFFY

Well, I will not give you permission
but if you do it without my consent, I
suppose it can rest there until Big
Gypo takes it down.

TOMAS

I need to add one last thing.

Tomas writes on the paper, everyone in the bar watches then
he pins it above the bar. Camera close up on the bottom of
the note which reads. Stochelo- The book I was reading was
called *Robinson Crusoe*, it's a grand story.

10 COUNTRYSIDE. SAME DAY.

10

Stochelo is walking and whistling a tune. He is happy and
carefree.

NARRATOR

Stochelo was in a fine mood as he
marched towards the pub. He had made
money at the horse fair and it had
been so good to see his brother. It
was a worry that he mixed with a bad
crowd in England but Tommy could take
care of himself. They had promised
each other that they would keep in
touch. Perhaps Christmas? Yes, he
would travel to Birmingham with his
son and spend Christmas with Tommy...

BERTRAM MARTIN, 30s, a scruffy individual, collars Stochelo.

MARTIN

Hello there, Big Gypo. I hear you're
buying the beer at Duffy's. Mine's a
Guinness.

Stochelo looks at Martin.

STOCHELO

Off with you Martin, I have not time
for your stupidity. Away I say, or
you'll have my boot up your backside.

MARTIN

Well the word is out around town that
you are buying beer for one and all
and there is a proclamation pinned up
in Duffy's bar to prove the point.

Stochelo aims a kick at Martin who avoids it and dances away.
Stochelo walks on and is met by PATSY FAGIN, 40s, who has a
barrow load of potatoes.

FAGIN

So, it's your shout at the pub is it,
Big Gypo? A generous act, Stochelo, for
which I thank you and will join you
shortly when I have dropped off these
spuds. Have you come into some money?
An inheritance is it?

STOCHELO

What foolishness are ye talking Patsy
Fagin?

FAGIN

I thought it was too good to be true
but it is what's being said, and sure
there's proof for all to read at
Duffy's.

Stochelo walks quicker and when he comes into sight one of
the men at the pub goes inside, waves his arm and a crowd
exit. Stochelo runs towards the pub where the crowd are
singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

11 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

11

Stochelo enters the pub. He sees the bill of sale, tears it
down and passes it to KITTY O'SHEA, late 30s, attractive.

STOCHELO

Please read it Kitty.

Stochelo lights a cigarette.

KITTY

I Stochelo, *The Big Gypo*, do not have
the sense I was born with and should
not put my name down on bits of paper
that I can't read. I have the face to
match a donkey's arse. I am a fair
eejit as I sold a fine brood mare for
fifty-guineas to my wonderful brother

Tommy who will sell it for double. I
will buy anyone who asks a pint.
Signed *Stochelo*.

All in the pub laugh.

STOCHELO

Quiet I say! Quiet you spalpeen's,
hooligans, vagabonds and impotents! I
have today been bested by my brother
Tommy Maloni in payment for a
larruping I gave him many a year ago.
By God it must be all of eighteen
years. And do you know what I have to
say? I say, fair play to you Tommy.
You waited a good long time to teach
me, The Big Gypo, a lesson! Fair play
to you Tommy lad! Well it's a lesson
learned!

Stochelo takes a large, WHITE FIVE POUND NOTE note from his
pocket.

STOCHELO

Duffy. Can you hear me boy?

DUFFY

I can.

STOCHELO

Put this behind the bar. When it's
gone it's gone. Until then all can
have a drink in honour of my brother,
Tomas Maloni!

The crowd all cheer and there is a rush to the bar.

12 INT. STOCHELO`S CARAVAN. EVENING.

12

The interior of the caravan is an extravagant delight of
intricate carvings, fretwork, gold leaf and regal tones of
red and bishopric purples, an explosion of baroque
ornamentation. The fire is burning and there is a PAN of STEW
simmering on the stove. MIQUEL (11) a strapping boy, is
stirring the pot. Stochelo enters and looks at Miquel.

STOCHELO

I have some bad news for Miquel, me
boy. And when I tell you there will be
no argument.

Miquel looks up.

MIQUEL

What is this bad news, Da'. Is it terrible?

STOCHELO

Bad enough boy. I'm sorry me old son, but you have to go to school and learn to read a book.

MIQUEL

What book.

STOCHELO

Robinson Crusoe. I hear it's a grand tale.

13 INT. CLASSROOM MORNING

13

Ludmilla is reading the REGISTER. There are forty four children, a mixed group, sat at their desks.

LUDMILLA

Michael Maloney?

Silence.

LUDMILLA

Michael Maloney?

Silence except for the shuffling and fidgeting of the class.

LUDMILLA

Michael, it is good to see you in your place; a few years late but never mind. "Better late than never" goes the old saying. But you maybe unaware that the tradition of it is that I call your name and you answer, "yes Miss". It is but a simple thing but it keeps me happy. Let's try again - Michael Maloney.

Silence.

LUDMILLA

You have denied me thrice but no matter. Sit there quietly for the time being and we will figure it out later.

FRANKIE ANDREWS, sits a couple of rows in front of Maloney.
Frankie speaks.

FRANKIE

He's just a big eejit He can speak
well enough, when it suits. Take the
strap to him Miss, that's what he
needs to get his mouth going.

MALONEY

I'd be keeping quiet, Frankie. The
school-day will not last forever and
then I'll larrup ye!

NARRATOR

Which were the first words spoken by
the previously mute Michael Maloney in
the small church School of Our Lady of
the Rosary.

14 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY.

14

Miquel carefully closes the gate behind him and walks towards
the copsed clearing. Frankie Andrews, MALACHI MAHONEY, JONELL
SULLIVAN, EAMONN MCGARVEY, all aged about 10 or 11, and
assorted other boys wait for him.

FRANKIE

If you want to give me that larruping,
Maloney, now's your chance.

MIQUEL

And I see you've the gang with you.
What are they to do, hold your coat?

FRANKIE

They're here to make sure it's a fair
fight.

MIQUEL

Well if it's a fair fight you're
wanting, away and fetch some more
-there are not enough of you.

FRANKIE

I'll fight you now Gypo, one on one,
in a fair fight - no kicking,
scratching, biting or hitting a man
that's down. Is that fair enough for
you?

MIQUEL

It's mad, that's what it is Frankie.
Tis plain to all that you're no match
for me but fair play to you. I tell
you what I'll do. We'll toe the line
and give it our best shot, one hit
each. You can go first. It's that or
nothing and then I'll be on my way.
What's it to be Frankie, will you toe
the line and take the first shot or
are you just a gob-shite with a big
mouth?

FRANKIE

We'll soon see who's the gob-shite,
Gypo. Eamonn scratch a line.

Eamonn scores a four-foot line in the turf with the heel of his boot. Frankie takes a shoe off then his sock which he wraps round his hand. Miquel toes the line and braces himself with clenched teeth for the punch to come. Frankie hits Miquel on the left side of his jaw. Miquel staggers, almost to one knee and then recovers his composure. He spits out a tooth accompanied by a stream of blood.

MIQUEL

Good riddance to that tooth, says I.
It has been giving me some awful gip!
Many thanks Frankie, that has saved me
a trip to the Duffy's to have it
pulled and my dad sixpence. I'll be
off then. See you at school tomorrow.

Frankie is still on the line.

FRANKIE

But it's your turn to punch.

MIQUEL

It'll keep. Some other time. Anyway,
I'm off - good punch Frankie. Good
punch!

Miquel walks off massaging his cheek, pushes his way through the small group, and gives Frankie a friendly tap on the jaw as he passes.

JONELL

He's chicken, a yellow belly.

EAMONN

And how do you work that out you
eejit? He's a rare one that Mick
Maloney. He's up for the craic
alright.

FRANKIE

He is that. He is that.

15 INT. STOCHELO`S CARAVAN DAY. CONTINUOUS.

15

Stochelo is looking at Miquel.

STOCHELO

I told you to get into no fights. Tell
me true, boy, have you disobeyed me?

MIQUEL

I have not Da`, I have been in no
fight.

STOCHELO

Well how come the swollen jaw? Truth
now.

MIQUEL

Some of the lads were messing about in
the woods on the way back. Frankie
Andrews gave me a crack on the jaw,
but no harm done. I didn't hit him
back so no fight. I kept my word to
you Da.

Stochelo ruffles Miquel`s hair.

STOCHELO

You're a good son, Miquel.

MIQUEL

I am Da` and I always will be.

STOCHELO

Have you learned to read Robinson
Crusoe?

MIQUEL

No yet but I will.

16 INT. CLASSROOM. MORNING. NEXT DAY.

16

Camera moves in slowly on Ludmilla who is calling out the

register (inaudible) Camera on Ludmilla.

LUDMILLA
Kevin Lafferty.

VOICE
Yes miss.

LUDMILLA
Malachi Mahoney.

VOICE
Yes miss.

LUDMILLA
Michael Maloney.

VOICE
Yes miss.

LUDMILLA
I am of course pleased to hear the name Michael Maloney, answered so well but confused that it should be answered from the front of the class, by Frankie Andrews I believe. Did you answer his name, Frankie?

FRANKIE
I did miss.

LUDMILLA
Well I'm sure that you're trying to be helpful, but I would be grateful if you were not. Let's try again, and this time Frankie -be quiet! Michael Maloney.

VOICE
Yes miss.

LUDMILLA
Well, we are making progress of a sort. Frankie Andrews did stay quiet -but so did Michael Maloney. This time I believe his name was answered by his desk-mate Eamonn McGarvey, so we're getting closer, as I say progress of a sort. Eamonn McGarvey, perhaps you can explain to your poor old teacher, what in heaven's name is going on?

EAMONN

I cannot, Miss. For some reason Maloney here is reluctant to answer his name so first Frankie and then me thought we would help out. I'm sure he'll get the hang of things soon enough. He's a grand fella really, maybe a bit slow in the head or something like that. I'd give it no mind, Miss. I'm sure it will sort itself out.

LUDMILLA

Eamonn McGarvey, thank you for that piece of wonderful advice. You might have an important career ahead of you in the Diplomatic Service. As for you, Master Maloney, if there is anything I can do to encourage you to answer your name, please let me know. But enough time has been wasted on this. Class, please take out your reading books: *Black Beauty* page ...

MIQUEL

I do not have the reading book, Miss, and I mean no disrespect but would be grateful for it as that's why I'm here.

LUDMILLA

Why it is the young Maloney! Thank you for speaking to me and so well may I add. But we have another custom, a harmless tradition. That a pupil puts up his or her hand before speaking. It keeps the day orderly and stops things from getting into a rowdy mess. Would you do that for me?

MIQUEL

I would miss.

Miquel puts his hand up.

MIQUEL

I do not have the reading book, Miss, and I mean no disrespect, but would be grateful for it as that is why I'm here.

LUDMILLA

Much better, you're getting into the swing of things I can see. You do have the reading book I put it onto your desk myself; an excellent tale it is called *Black Beauty* which is the story of a horse, written as if the horse is telling the tale.

MIQUEL

No Miss, that is not the book. I am here to read *Robinson Crusoe* which is about a man who gets lost on an island. I don't know the rest of it, Miss, because I haven't read it yet. Another thing, Miss: I know a great deal about horses and don't believe any horse has a story to tell - they don't think a great deal and say very little.

The class and Ludmilla laugh.

LUDMILLA

We are going to have to find a way of making sense to each other and that's a fact. Class, turn to page one hundred and fifty-six. Eamonn McGarvey help him along!

NARRATOR

The second day passed much the same as the first with the young Gypsy boy being polite enough but not engaging in the educational activities which Miss Sentna had prepared. She was a good teacher and the work had much to interest any boy or girl. As the day before he was the last to leave and shut the school gate behind him with a friendly wave to Ludmilla who was again watching from the window.

Camera focusses on Ludmilla watching from the window as Miquel closes the gate behind him.

17 EXT. STOCHELO'S CARAVAN. LATE AFTERNOON SAME DAY.

17

Stochelo stands outside his caravan, hands on hips watching Ludmilla walk along the pathway to his camp. She reaches Stochelo.

LUDMILLA

Mr Maloney - I wonder I might have a little time to talk about your son, good that it is to see him in school. I am his teacher, Miss Ludmilla Sentna.

STOCHELO

Has the boy done wrong? Do you want me to take the belt to him?

LUDMILLA

Good Lord no! The boy has done no wrong at all. In fact, he has done very little and that is the difficulty I wish you to help me with.

STOCHELO

Well would you like to step up into the vardo, it will be more comfortable inside.

18 INT. CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS.

18

Stochelo offers Ludmilla a CIGARETTE which she accepts. Stochelo lights it. Ludmilla sits on an embroidered quilt thrown over a chair.

STOCHELO

How did you lose your hand?

LUDMILLA

(Dismissively) Oh that, very little to tell really. It was chopped off by a Russian Hussar.

STOCHELO

I heard you were Russian, but you don't sound it.

LUDMILLA

Well you heard incorrectly Mr Maloney. I'm Ukrainian, and I heard that you were Spanish, but you don't sound it.

STOCHELO

You heard incorrectly, Miss Sentna, I'm Catalan. Well, now that we know who we are and where we come from, I would be pleased if you would call me Stochelo and more pleased if you would

take a drink with me. A cup of tea? A glass of fine Irish whiskey?

LUDMILLA

Well I have finished my trials and tribulations for the day so a small whiskey to ease the conversation. Please call me Ludmilla.

Stochelo gets TWO GLASSES, opens a bottle of whiskey and pours. He hands one glass to Ludmilla.

STOCHELO

Ludmilla it is. So, what's the trouble you're having with my son?

LUDMILLA

To begin with, he will not answer his name at morning registration. He's polite enough but it gets things off to a bad start and disturbs the other children somewhat. The other problem is that your son thinks that school has only one purpose, which is to teach him to read *Robinson Crusoe*. A fine tale it is but education is about more than one story. Anyway, we don't have a copy in school and for the reading lesson, all read from the same book, so I would need forty-eight and one for myself, which would have to come from Hudson's Bookshop in Dublin and there is no money.

Stochelo holds his hands up as if in surrender.

STOCHELO

Whoa there, Ludmilla. The book thing is my fault. I told him I want him to learn to read that book and it is important to me that he does. As for not answering his name, I have no idea about that. The boy does take things to heart a little; if a notion gets into his head it tends to stick.

Miquel appears in the doorway.

STOCHELO

Hello son. Miss Ludmilla and myself were just talking about you. Nothing

bad so don't worry. Not answering your name is a strange thing though.

LUDMILLA

Hello Michael, I thought it would be good to talk with your father to straighten a few things out.

Stochelo and Miquel look at Ludmilla and then at each other.

STOCHELO

Miss Ludmilla, the boy's name is not Michael. It is Miquel, which is the Catalan equivalent I know. But Michael it is not.

Stochelo turns to Miquel.

STOCHELO

Is this the reason you won't answer at roll-call?

MIQUEL

It is Da`. You told me to answer my name when called otherwise keep my mouth shut as much as possible. My name was never called. You told me not to argue Da`, so I thought it best to keep quiet.

LUDMILLA

So, you will answer to Miquel Maloney?

MIQUEL

I will Miss.

Stochelo claps his hands together.

STOCHELO

Well that's that sorted out! Now we only need to get the *Robinson Crusoe* thing done and dusted and 'Tot es bo!'

Stochelo puts his arm round Miquel.

STOCHELO

What do you say Miss Ludmilla?

LUDMILLA

I suppose I say 'Tot es bo.`

19 INT. CLASSROOM. NEXT MORNING.

19

Ludmilla is sat at her desk and she rests her forearm on a CARDBOARD BOX. Most of the desks are occupied.

LUDMILLA

You will be unaware of, and being children, could not care less about, the fact that the school register is a legal document. However, the Officers of the School Board take such matters seriously. So seriously in fact, that were I to make a mistake or blot it with ink, something like that, it would cost me a shilling from my wages. Because I am poor, I take particular care never to make a mistake and indeed have only made one previously and that was ten years ago. I remember the day well. A wasp, lost and alone, flew into the class and settled upon my desk. Without a thought I gently wafted it away, forgetting that I had a freshly inked pen in my hand.

The children laugh.

This deposited a small red inkblot on an opened page. In panic I tried to wipe it off and made matters worse as the blot became a smear. This unhappy turn of events became tragic when the School Inspector examined my register and imposed a fine of two shillings for the mess. Since that day I have disliked wasps, red ink and School Board men.

Whilst the above speech is in progress, camera on the children glued to Ludmilla's every word.

LUDMILLA (CONT'D)

Dear children, there is another mistake in my register, in fact a most serious error. The good news is that it was not made by myself! The names of the children I am to expect in my class are entered each year by the School Board Inspector and he has led me to believe that a certain 'Michael

Maloney' should be present. Not true!
The boy.

Ludmilla points theatrically at Miquel.

That boy is no more Michael Maloney
than I am. He is Miquel Maloni. No
wonder he would not answer to the name
of some fictitious imposter. I say
"Good-riddance" to Michael Maloney,
notorious fraudster and flim-flam
merchant that he must be and welcome
instead his honest, noble replacement.

Eamonn McGarvey stands up and gives round of applause and the
class join in. Ludmilla bows.

LUDMILLA

In addition, some anonymous benefactor
has given our school a set of new
reading books, most useful as we have
almost finished the excellent fiction
Black Beauty although perhaps Miquel
Maloni has a point in that it is
somewhat far-fetched. Anyway, I must
take the register.

NARRATOR

So where did these books come from? We
must go back to the previous evening.

20 EXT. CARAVAN. EARLY EVENING. PREVIOUS DAY.

20

Stochelo waves to Ludmilla as she walks away. Miquel is
standing next to him.

STOCHELO

Miquel, get the horse. You can ride
behind me. I want to go to the
station.

Miquel gets a horse, Stochelo gets on and Miquel settles in
behind him. They ride off.

21 INT. COOLSHANNAGH STATION. CONTINUOUS.

21

Stochelo enters the station. JOEY MCGARVEY, (40s) the station
master, is in his small office. Camera on CLOCK showing 3.45.

STOCHELO

Joey, is there a train to Dublin today?

JOEY

To Dublin you say, Stochelo. Well, maybe there is. Today is Thursday I believe and on Thursday there is an evening train, more of an afternoon train as it leaves at four and takes an hour. Are you thinking of taking a trip then?

STOCHELO

I am Joey, but only if I can get back again today. Is there a train back from Dublin tonight?

JOEY

To Dublin and back in one day. God almighty Stochelo. How times have changed. Why when I was a boy before the railway, Dublin would be two days in the back of a cart. Sure, I did the journey more than once.

STOCHELO

Well, we all know how slow things can be in a horse and cart. Joey, the train back, is there a train back from Dublin tonight?

JOEY

There may well be. But as we are not in Dublin, I do not have that information to hand. I will have to consult the book. Do you know Stochelo that the timetable book has the information about all trains in Ireland?

Camera on Stochelo looking exasperated.

JOEY

Why if you wanted to know the time of a train leaving Donegal station I could tell you that, or from Cork or Galway. It is a miracle of the age. Did you know there are now people who observe trains and write times and numbers in little notebooks? The world is an unfathomable place Stochelo, why they do such a thing is a mystery to me..

STOCHELO

Joey! The time of the train!

Joey thumbs through a BOOK.

JOEY

Ah here it is. Today being Thursday there is a late train leaving Dublin for Belfast at ten this evening. Would you be wanting a single or return journey ticket?

22 EXT. DUBLIN STATION. LATE AFTERNOON. SAME DAY.

22

Stochelo approaches a line of HANSOM CABS and speaks to a DRIVER (late 40s and smaller than Stochelo)

STOCHELO

Can you take me to Hudson's - it is a book shop? I'm not sure where it is.

DRIVER

I can take you alright, that being my job. Hop aboard that is, if you have the shilling for the fare which I will take now if you don't mind. Be quick now; the shops close at six of the clock.

STOCHELO

I have the shilling right enough although it seems a bit steep for a journey that might be just a minute down the road. I tell you what, I'll ask one of the other drivers and if he is cheaper I'll go with him but not before I come back and give you a crack for trying to rob me.

DRIVER

You make a good point. If all my customers were toughs like yourself I'd be dead of the hunger in a week. I'll charge you ninepence which is more than fair, and a price no other cabby will match. Hop in! By God look at the size of ye. A tap from you would kill a poor wee leprechaun like myself.

Stochelo climbs on and they move off.

23 GRAFTON STREET. LATE AFTERNOON. CONTINUOUS.

23

The Hansom cab pulls up.

DRIVER

Here we are, Grafton Street. Hudson's is just across the road. Do you want me to wait?

STOCHELO

I'm not sure. I don't know how long I'll be.

Stochelo throws the driver a shilling.

STOCHELO

Keep the change. I'm sorry I talked roughly to you. I have a bad feeling in towns. The bigger the place, the more uncomfortable I get.

DRIVER

No problem my friend. I've had worse, far worse. I tell you what, I'll hang about for a while. It's a slack time and I've nothing else on my plate.

Stochelo crosses the road to the bookshop.

24 INT. BOOKSHOP. CONTINUOUS.

24

Stochelo gazes at the thousands of BOOKS that line the walls. Eight CRYSTAL CHANDELIERS each burn twenty electric lamps. Camera pans round and sees Stochelo's reaction whilst the narrator speaks.

NARRATOR

Stochelo had never been in a bookshop before. This was by far the largest in Dublin. * However, there is a certain type of person, often found working in grand emporiums, who is convinced that the magnificence of the shop somehow gives him or herself greater importance.

* Camera sees a tall coated ASSISTANT (40s) with a bow tie, waistcoat and white shirt and black trousers sidle up to Stochelo with an obsequious look on his face.

ASSISTANT (SMARMILY)

Is sir here to purchase books or at least one book or is sir merely keeping warm?

STOCHELO

Sir is here to buy forty-nine copies of *Robinson Crusoe*. Sir is a Gypsy king with a Spanish knife of Toledo steel inside his waistband which he will happily use to slit out your slippery tongue.

The assistant jumps back and his expression changes.

ASSISTANT

I beg your pardon, sir, and forgiveness. We do get unfortunates here taking advantage of the shelter the store provides. An unusual request, sir, but precise. Forty-nine copies of *Robinson Crusoe* you say? Would sir like a cup of tea while I check our storeroom?

STOCHELO

Storeroom you say. You have more books?

Stochelo whistles in admiration.

ASSISTANT

Oh yes sir. These are simply copies of the books we have for sale. Please wait and I will check.

The assistant goes into the storeroom. Stochelo walks round the shop and looks at all the books. The assistant returns with a brown overalled PORTER, 40s, wheeling a CARDBOARD BOX on a TROLLEY.

ASSISTANT

Sir is fortunate. This is our entire stock. There are fifty copies of the exciting adventure penned by Daniel Defoe priced at one shilling and three pence each. Would sir like to examine a copy, for quality and excellence of print?

Stochelo takes out a copy of the book, holds it by one corner

of the hard cardboard cover and lets it dangle. The assistant looks aghast.

STOCHELO

It looks a fine book and very well made.

ASSISTANT

For this number of books we would be glad to offer sir a small discount. Shall we say three pounds for the box?

25 EXT. SCHOOL. MIDNIGHT. SAME DAY

25

Stochelo puts the cardboard box under the arched doorway of the school and leaves.

LUDMILLA SENTNA

NARRATOR

Ludmilla Sentna was a mathematician minus one hand. This was not ever so; she had once been ordinary, of the two-handed persuasion. The fingers of her missing hand sometimes itched and twitched which surprised her as the hand itself was now rotted in a Ukrainian ditch or, more likely, had provided dinner for a family of rats or a snack for a lucky fox. Ludmilla was born in Kiev in 1863.

26 INT. HOUSE. DAY.

26

* Whilst the narration is in progress the camera sees a young girl (aged 7) singing with a SINGING TEACHER looking on adoringly.

SINGING TEACHER

Ludmilla, one day you will be heard around the halls of Europe.

27 INT. HOUSE. NEXT DAY.

27

Lumilla is playing the PIANO. Her PIANO TEACHER is stood watching her.

PIANO TEACHER

I have heard you sing well Ludmilla but you are destined to become a concert pianist.

NARRATOR

* She was healthy and perfect with a sweet face that foretold future beauty which gave her father evermore reasons to fret, lose sleep and be generally anxious. Her beauty came early and with it many talents. With every accomplishment her father worried and he explained why, in privacy of the synagogue, to his friend Yitshak the Rabbi.

28 INT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY.

28

Ludmilla`s FATHER, 30s. is sat with the YITSHAK the Rabbi, 50s.

FATHER

God has given her so much, and in giving to her has also given to me. Every day I delight in her and am the proudest father on earth. I believe God will punish me for this pride, the greatest of sins.

RABBI

Have you been drinking, Shimon?

FATHER

No, not at all. Why, why do you ask?

RABBI

That is a great pity because the rubbish you are talking would suit a drunkard better. Count your blessings, Shimon, and thank God for them. Then leave it at that.

NARRATOR

This rabbinical advice was undoubtedly sound but, try as he might, Dr Shimon Sentna continued to be a bundle of worries. These increased when he found out that Ludmilla was a minor mathematical genius.

29 INT. HOUSE. DAY.

29

Ludmilla (14) is sat at a desk working out mathematical equations on paper.

NARRATOR

When she was fourteen her teacher of mathematics arranged for her to attend classes at the University of Kiev. This was most unusual for in those days girls, even clever girls, were not welcomed into the higher ranks of education. He did this for two reasons. Firstly, he believed it was his duty to develop this undoubted talent and, secondly, he was sick of her daily showing his inadequacies by asking questions that he could not answer.

30 INT. LECTURE HALL. UNIVERSITY OF KIEV. DAY.

30

The lecture ends and a handsome boy, NIKITA, swaggers to the front where Ludmilla is packing her BOOKS.

NIKITA

Hello, my pretty flower, I have not seen you here before. My name is Nikita but you can call me Niki.

LUDMILLA

You will not have seen me Nikita, as it is my first day. And it would be a miracle if you were to see anyone at all, being sound asleep and snoring.

NIKITA

Ah yes, mathematics is not quite my thing. But the lectures do have the useful quality of putting me to sleep and out of misery for an hour. Anyway, fate has dealt us a terrible blow as tomorrow I join my regiment which will be a relief. The only mathematics I will need from now on will be to add up my mess bill. Snoring you say - I don't snore do I?

LUDMILLA

You roar like a train, complete with the occasional whistle!

31 EXT. UNIVERSITY DAY. CONTINUOUS.

31

Ludmilla and Nikita are walking, talking and laughing (inaudible) Nikita faces opposite Ludmilla and holds her

hands. He leans in and kisses her quickly on her lips then leaves. Camera on Ludmilla looking happy.

NARRATOR

It is the Spring of 1881 and the world has gone mad. Ludmilla's family followed religious traditions but with a light touch. Her friends were both gentile and Jewish so it was with complete horror that Ludmilla observed the events of the anti-Semitic pogrom that swept through Kiev. Evil words were daubed in paint on the walls of Jewish houses. Windows were smashed and glass littered the streets. *

* Whilst the above narration is in progress we see words daubed and windows smashed. Young men beat old men with sticks and the police turn a blind eye.

32 STREET IN KIEV. DAY.

32

Ludmilla is walking with a group of friends. She sees a group of Hussars sitting on their horses who approach at a walk, then a trot, then a gallop their swords high and pointing forwards. Ludmilla puts her right arm up for protection. Nikita slashes and Ludmilla's right hand falls to the floor. She looks at Nikita.

NIKITA

Oops. Sorry.

Nikita gallops away. Close up on the hand then on Ludmilla's face. She collapses.

NARRATOR

Thank to the skill of her father Ludmilla healed quickly but for her safety it was decided she should travel to Berlin to stay in safety with Cousin Jacob Schmidt, a manufacturer of biscuits.

33 INT. TRAIN. EARLY MORNING.

33

Ludmilla stands at the train door waving to her parents as the train leaves the station. Her father runs after the train and hands Ludmilla a PARCEL.

FATHER

Almost forgot.

Ludmilla takes the parcel, closes the door and sits down in her compartment. She opens the package to find an exquisitely formed FALSE HAND with a sleeve of rubberised fabric, a small blue fluted PHIAL of ALCOHOL and a pair of WHITE GLOVES. There is a NOTE.

Close up on the note.

I gained some skill in the manufacture of false hands and feet in the Crimean War. Of course, the hand is not functional but worn undergloves will afford some disguise. It is very light, being made of kapok mixed with glue. Bathe your arm every day and wipe with spirit. A poor present to my beloved daughter, your fond father, Shimon.

Ludmilla cries.

34 INT. SLEEPING CAR. LATE EVENING. SAME DAY.

34

Ludmilla is sorting out her CASE for the night's sleep when she is joined by a woman, AUGUSTA GLUCK (40s) who stands centrally in the compartment. She is clad in brown, long, heavy skirts and substantial boots. Her jacket and waistcoat are of masculine cut and she wears a short top-hat. She smokes a cigar and effortlessly throws her heavy leather CASE onto the overhead rack. She flops without grace to her seat opposite Ludmilla.

AUGUSTA

I am Augusta Gluck, and you?

Ludmilla opens her mouth to reply but is cut off.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)

I am a New Woman and you, I perceive, are not.

Augusta leans back and sucks on her CIGAR.

LUDMILLA

How unfortunate for both of us.

AUGUSTA

Apologies are unnecessary, my girl. One look at you shows you to be ill-equipped for survival. Why I doubt you have ever spent a night alone in the forests of Transylvania or the steppes of Siberia. You could not do it. No, you are not a New Woman!

LUDMILLA (COMPOSED)

You are quite correct Madam I have never undertaken either of these activities and believe they would indeed be beyond me.

AUGUSTA

I knew it! I further wager you have never slaughtered a deer nor fought off wolves with a knife.

LUDMILLA

Once again you are correct. And you Madame...

AUGUSTA

Not Madame, call me Augusta. The New Woman has no need of airs or graces.

LUDMILLA

Thank you, and you Augusta, do you regularly slit the throats of deer and defend yourself from attacking wolves?

AUGUSTA

Not so often, but I have the knife always to hand should it be needed.

From under her coat Augusta takes out a HUNTING KNIFE, a gleaming twelve-inch blade and holds it aloft in triumph. Ludmilla looks a little worried.

AUGUSTA

The knife of the New Woman!

Augusta puts back the knife in it's scabbard.

AUGUSTA

The New Woman also has to be fit. I am fit and wish you to join me in exercise which I endeavour take on the hour every hour for two minutes, no more no less.

From her pocket Augusta withdraws a small BOOK. Camera close up *The Handbook of Medical Gymnastics*.

AUGUSTA

My bible.

LUDMILLA

Thank you for this unusual offer but the day has been long and I was about to call the attendant and have my bed prepared.

AUGUSTA

You must not! Sleep is the ally of weakness.

Augusta pulls out a large WATCH held to a leather strap.

AUGUSTA

This hunter chimes every hour. It will be our guide to healthy exercise throughout the night. And I also must tell you that in the pursuit of health, nightly exercise must, I repeat *must*, be taken naked. Only a savage would let nocturnal sweat pollute the clothes they wear. What do you say?

LUDMILLA

I say, Miss Augusta Gluck, that I wish you well, but will not be joining you to jump about madly naked throughout the night.

35 INT. LUDMILLA'S SLEEPING COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

35

Ludmilla is in a bed, her curtains drawn. She looks at her watch. It shows two minutes to ten. We hear counting and the sound of bare feet slapping on the floor.

AUGUSTA

One,two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight. One,two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight. One,two, one,
two, one two. Left,two. Three, slap.
Right, two, three, slap.

Ludmilla smiles and settles down to sleep.

36 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT. EARLY MORNING.

36

Ludmilla opens her curtains and sees Augusta fully dressed, sitting upright and asleep. Ludmilla climbs down the ladder holding her prosthetic right hand in her left. Suddenly the train lurches and she loses her balance. Her right hand flies out of her grasp into the ample bosom of Augusta who wakes

up. She looks at Ludmilla and sees she has no right hand then looks at the hand in her bosom. Augusta screams.

AUGUSTA

Hand! Hand!

LUDMILLA

Mine I believe.

Ludmilla takes her hand, Augusta faints.

37 EXT. BERLIN STATION. CONTINUOUS.

37

The train pulls in to the station.

NARRATOR

Jacob Schmidt is an agreeable, happy man who eats too much but drinks only tea. Amongst his many friends he is considered nice but dim-witted. He is unmarried and in some small degree this increased his willingness to welcome his young cousin from Kiev.

Ludmilla alights from the train and a PORTER carries her luggage. Camera on JACOB (30s) at the platform's exit who holds a placard with his name clearly written in large letters. Ludmilla walks up to Jacob.

JACOB

Ludmilla! How charming! The last time we met you were but a child. Here, allow me, let me take your hand!

LUDMILLA

Thank you Cousin Jacob, but I would much prefer that you did not. I find them to be a precious commodity.

JACOB (EMBARRASSED)

Of course, I understand; how insensitive of me - your accident I forgot!

LUDMILLA

It was hardly an accident Cousin Jacob.

JACOB

No, no. Of course not. I'm so sorry.

38 EXT. BERLIN STATION. CONTINUOUS.

38

Ludmilla and Jacob walk to a waiting carriage.

LUDMILLA

Cousin Jacob, please do not offer to
"give me a hand up" or any other such
nicety, or I fear I might punch you.

Jacob looks alarmed but sees the smile on Ludmilla's face.
Then she laughs.

39 INT. TIERGARTEN DANCE HALL. NEXT DAY

39

Ludmilla enters with with Jacob. She is dressed in silver
satin and the camera focusses on men looking at her. An
orchestra is playing. Camera on orchestra and Ludmilla while
the narration is in progress.

NARRATOR

For some time, the most popular dance
had been the waltz and it's easy tempo
and the closeness of contact between
partners ensured great popularity
especially with the younger set. This
dance requires the gentleman, with his
right hand, to lightly hold around the
waist of the woman or girl. His left
hand is held aloft and gently entwines
his partners right. You can easily see
why this caused Ludmilla some concern.

A handsome young man (20s) escorts Ludmilla to the floor. He
introduces himself as FRANZ BAUER, bows precisely and takes
hold of Ludmilla. The orchestra begins playing.

FRANZ

Fraulein, is there something wrong with
your hand?

Ludmilla smiles sweetly.

LUDMILLA

Which hand?

FRANZ

Why, the one I am holding!

LUDMILLA

Indeed Herr Bauer, you are not holding
my hand. I have not seen that

particular appendage for several weeks
and do not know its whereabouts nor
state of health.

Camera on Franz who looks flustered. They continue dancing.

LUDMILLA

You are holding, in fact a glove
stuffed with wadding and fixed to my
wrist with elastic.

FRANZ

You have lost your hand, mein Gott?

LUDMILLA

You are in error sir. I did not lose
my hand, that would have been
careless. No, rather it was hacked off
by the sword of a marauding Hussar.

Franz stops dancing.

FRANZ

Why?

LUDMILLA

I'm not certain, but the beating and
hacking of Jews was a most popular
recreation at the time. Perhaps it was
that.

Franz turns and leaves the dancefloor. A man, FATHER JOSEPH
FITZGERALD, (mid 30s) moves in to Ludmilla immediately. He is
dressed in a simple black suit with high necked white shirt
without tie or cravat.

FATHER JOSEPH

Please, me walk.

Father Joseph holds out his arm which Ludmilla takes. They
walk to where Jacob is sat. Father Joseph has a limp.

FATHER JOSEPH

Walk me bad.

LUDMILLA

Do you speak English?

FATHER JOSEPH

I do, and more's the pity. I speak it
well. As you can tell my German is

very poor, but your English is excellent, thank God.

Ludmilla and Father Joseph reach the table where Jacob is sat.

JACOB

What's up? Has there been a scene?
Who's this? What's going on?

LUDMILLA

Don't fret Jacob. There has been no scene, I simply mistook a stupid boy for a gentleman. Go off and play with your friends. Find a wife. Everything is fine.

Jacob leaves the table. Ludmilla turns to Father Joseph.

LUDMILLA

Are you alone? I have lost the taste for dancing. Perhaps we can talk for a while. I have never met an Englishman.

FATHER JOSEPH

And you still have not. I am Father Joseph Fitzgerald, from Dublin, Ireland.

Father Joseph bows slightly and sits down on the chair Ludmilla offers.

LUDMILLA

A priest? I have never met a priest either nor an Irishman. I am Ludmilla Sentna from Kiev, a mathematician. At least that is what I expected to be, now I am not so sure. I am also unsure how to address a priest.

FATHER JOSEPH

This priest you can call "Father Joe" or "Father Joey" if you like. Anything will do fine.

LUDMILLA

What brings you here Father Joe?

FATHER JOSEPH

Holiday. I'm travelling for a week or two before settling down. I've been

given my first parish. An out-of-the-way backwater in Ireland called Coolshannagh. I have great plans. I intend to build a school. And you Ludmilla, you're a long way from Kiev. Why are you here?

LUDMILLA

My father sent me here to avoid me being murdered or otherwise further butchered.

FATHER JOSEPH

What?

Father Joseph looks perplexed. Ludmilla rests her arm on the table.

LUDMILLA

You must have noticed that this is a false hand?

Father Joseph nods.

LUDMILLA

A few months ago, according to my teacher, I was a talented pianist with a particular flair for Tchaikovsky. Now I believe my talent would be less appreciated by concert audiences.

FATHER JOSEPH

Can you tell me what happened? I know I intrude but would be glad to know.

LUDMILLA

It is a simple tale; a boy I once kissed grew to be a soldier and hacked it off because I am Jewish.

FATHER JOSEPH

That indeed is a simple story, but a great tragedy.

LUDMILLA

And why are you, Father Joe, a priest with a lame leg passing time at a Tea Dance?

FATHER JOSEPH

Because I love to dance, although

seldom find a partner. The weight of the boot I am forced to wear, makes my style somewhat eccentric. Instead of left, two, three, right, two three, it is more like left, clunk,three; clunk, two, clunk. People find it off-putting.

LUDMILLA

I won`t.

Ludmilla removes her hand and places it on the table.

LUDMILLA

Shall we dance?

Ludmilla takes Father Joseph`s arm and they walk to the dance floor, both smiling.

NARRATOR

So began a wonderful relationship between Father Joseph and Ludmilla Sentna.

40 CARD 1918

40

41 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. DAY.

41

Stochelo and Ludmilla are sat in the back room. Ludmilla is smoking a CIGARETTE. Stochelo has a BOOK on the table in front of him. The book consists of a foot-high bundle of parchments, letters and envelopes.

STOCHELO

You see, Ludmilla, with his dying breath The Matchmaker held it tightly to his chest until he gasped his last. Give it to Ludmilla he said and died there and then. Try as I might to think of another, I cannot. You are the only Ludmilla and he meant you.

Ludmilla stubs out her cigarette and lays her hand on the book.

LUDMILLA

I genuinely do not know what to say - what am I supposed to do with it?

STOCHELO

Well,that bit is easier than you

think. With the book goes the responsibility, the honour, the privilege and title of Matchmaker.

LUDMILLA

What! Me? You jest, I cannot be Matchmaker!

STOCHELO

Well, if you can't, we're all done for because no-one else can read the bloody book!

NARRATOR

This much was at least true. Patchwork had written it in code as one day, almost twenty years earlier, he had loudly boasted in the very room where Stochelo and Ludmilla were talking.

42 20 YEARS EARLIER.

42

43 INT. DUFFY`S BAR.

43

PATCHWORK QUILTO, 65, rises to his feet a little unsteadily. The bar is crowded with drinkers. Ludmilla is drinking a SCHOONER of PORT and smoking a cigarette.

PATCHWORK

This book is worth one thousand pounds maybe two thousand to me - but nought to any thief in the night, cut-purse or vagabond hooligan. No boy! Not a penny is it worth to any man, woman or child other than myself because it is written in an unbreakable code.

Patchwork drains his glass and looks around the room.

PATCHWORK

Did I tell the tale of how this code was passed on to me by a French General, Aide-de-camp of Napoleon? Did I mention this occurred on the field of Waterloo the night before the ferocious battle which was to cost him his life? He passed the code to me so that it would not be lost with his death, although, I cannot tell a lie, he expected me to take it to Napoleon. I would gladly tell this tale, but my

mouth is dry, dry like the sand of Spain through which I trudged some sixty years ago. A drop of porter would loosen my lips.

Patchwork removes his hat and passes it around the bar. Here and there a farthing is thrown in.

PATCHWORK

Duffy. A pint of porter please.

Duffy pulls a PINT of PORTER and it is passed to Patchwork.

PATCHWORK

It was like this. It was the night before the great battle of Waterloo and I was alone on a dangerous scouting mission. This was ordered by the Duke of Wellington himself. We were not exactly friends but he knew I was a crack shot with a musket and a great scout. For had I not lived with the Sioux Indians in America and been taught the skills of the backwoods by Chief Sitting Bull himself? Sergeant Quilto said the Iron Duke. I want you to sneak behind enemy lines and see what they're up to. No, problem, says I.

SAMSON McGRATH calls out.

SAMSON

I don't believe a word Quilto. That old army jacket you wear has only two stripes, which means you were a corporal does it not? You're a decrepit old sod Quilto, but even you have not the age to have been at Waterloo.

Everyone in the room laughs.

PATCHWORK

The fool you are, Sammy McGrath. I was promoted in the field for bravery in battle, sure I had no time to sew on the extra stripe.

More laughter.

PATCHWORK

As for my age, clean living has kept me young. Anyway, without a sound I crawled through the woods and who should I see in a clearing but a French General. On his knees he was and I thought he was praying. Even a great scout like myself can have bad luck; a dry twig snapped and the General looked my way. Bonnit-o.' I so you Bonno? I said to him in Italian. As you all know I am from Napoli and am fluent in that tongue. I was quick there boys, had I spoken English he would have shot me dead. But he thought I was one of The Old Guard.

SAMSON

I thought you said he was French?

Murmurings in the crowd.

PATCHWORK

He was that but the languages are much the same and we could talk well enough. Deman-o I is morto, said the General, which means "tomorrow I die". I tried to comfort him and well boys, we had a rare old moonlight conversation and he told me a thing or two. He told me that all of Napoleon's plans were written in a fiendish code and that he was burying the key to stop it getting in the hands of the British. The General was right about one thing though - he did lose his own life. So, I dug up that precious book and for the last fifty years as Matchmaker, have written down every marriage and family line in that impenetrable code. So confident am I that I will give a hundred pounds to anyone here who can read but a line.

Ludmilla calls out to Patchwork.

LUDMILLA

Pass me the book Vincenti; I accept the challenge.

Camera freezes for a few seconds on Patchwork looking

worried.

NARRATOR

This was an unanticipated turn of events, one with which Quilto was not happy. Miss Sentna, Headmistress of the small school was well respected and all knew she was of great intellect. But what could he do? The beer had talked and his tongue had run away with itself.

Patchwork passes the book to Ludmilla who scans the first page. She reaches into her LEATHER SCHOOL-BAG and gets out a PENCIL and PAPER. She adopts a puzzled and worrisome face and writes on the paper, and every now and then lets out a sigh of exasperation.

Camera on the people in the pub who look at each other and murmur. Ludmilla passes the book back to Patchwork with a piece of paper. Camera on the paper which reads:

`Quilto, you daft sod. I cracked the code in ten seconds, but for your sake I will say I did not. You owe me a favour, Ludmilla.`

Ludmilla stands up.

LUDMILLA

Vincenti is right. It is a clever cypher that will keep the mysteries of his matchmaker's book safe.

Murmurs of approval from those present.

44 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

44

Stochelo and Ludmilla are sat at a table, the book is in front of them.

LUDMILLA

Well, Stochelo. If I was to become Matchmaker, the first match I would make would be between you and Kitty O'Shea.

STOCHELO

Well it is true that I like Kitty and miss the comfort of someone warm to lie beside in the cold of winter. But I loved, still love, Sally and I made

a promise to her the night she died
asleep in my arms.

LUDMILLA

What? You promised that you would
never marry again or never love
another?

STOCHELO (FLUSTERED)

No, not really. It is very complicated
and I don't know where to start.

LUDMILLA

Perhaps you can start by telling how
your dear love died.

STOCHELO

I think I will have to go back further
and explain why we were in Belfast.

Whilst Stochelo is talking there will be a montage of shots
from India, a train and a steamship, and Egyptian port,
Barcelona and mountains. A map is on screen following the
journey from Meerut (Utter Pradesh) to Bombay by train then
Port Suez (Egypt) by steamship, to Alexandretta by train then
to Barcelona by steamship. Then to an incampment in the
Pyrennes.

STOCHELO

My mother was born in India and her
father made money providing horses for
the British Army. He was shot dead by
the Pathan which gave the opportunity
for my mother and grandmother Dulca to
leave that awful country as she called
it and travel five thousand miles to
Catalunya.

45 GYPSY CAMP. CATALUNYA. DAY. FLASHBACK.

45

Gertruda steps out of the caravan and sees Django, long
flowing black hair and brown skin. She is smitten.

46 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

46

Stochelo and Ludmilla are sitting at a table.

STOCHELO

My mother told me she would follow my
father to the ends of the earth. He
was a good man, trustworthy, loyal and

helpful, and he treated others as brothers or sisters. He was equally smitten and within a year they were married and I was born, a large baby apparently. I entered this world, with some struggle, on a starry night in the highpeaks that border southern France.

Stochelo drains his pint, Ludmilla her schooner and Stochelo goes for refills. Ludmilla hands Stochelo some coins.

LUDMILLA

I insist on paying.

Stochelo returns with a pint of GUINNESS and a GLASS of PORT which he places in front of Ludmilla. He sits down.

Montage of Stochelo and Salitsa as children (aged 6) playing, climbing trees, paddling, eating from a cooking pot, sleeping in a forest. This whilst Stochelo is talking.

STOCHELO

Salitsa and I always together and I suppose we were always special to each other. My first memories are of us playing in the high camp, the 'Pyrennique' as they are called in Catalan. The sun always shone but we were among the tall pines and ever cool. There was a stream in which to splash. We wore no shoes nor clothes most of the time and were coloured as autumn chestnuts. We ate from any cooking pot and slept wherever the day ended. No mother called us home nor father. We were with the families and that was all that mattered. I suppose we were five or six.

47 STEEP MOUNTAIN SLOPE. FLASHBACK.

47

Whilst Stochelo is talking: A caravan slips off a track and goes twenty yards down a slope, and hits a tree. The families try to push the caravan back onto the track. Families berate VANO, 60s, then a group talk to Django who nods in acceptance.

STOCHELO

Vano, the old Bandolier had a whim that the families should move north. A council was held and this seemed to

suit and we headed down the steep mountain slopes into France. But then a great tragedy occurred: a vardo slipped off the track and rolled twenty yards down the mountainside before being stopped by a tree. It took all the men and women of the five families two days to get the wagon back up the slope. Everyone blamed Vano, who had taken to drink and was a poor leader. My father, Django, was chosen in his place. He was very young but was the man for the job. He led the five families through France, where the twins Tommy and Maritsa, were born in the forest of Auvergne. Six years we travelled but as they say here in Ireland, sure there was no rush.

Ludmilla smiles.

LUDMILLA

Weird and wonderful is the world, Stochelo. Look at we two. A Ukrainian Jew having a grand old chat with a Catalan Gypsy in Duffy's Bar in Ireland, talking in English.

Stochelo laughs.

STOCHELO

Aye. Django was a good leader and a good father as well. We arrived in Ireland a few years back now, about 1870 I think, and while we were waiting to load the wagons onto the boat at Dieppe there was almost trouble.

LUDMILLA

Almost you say?

48 DIEPPE HARBOUR. EARLY EVENING. FLASHBACK.

48

Django, Gertruda, Stochelo (9), Tomas and Maritsa (7) are on the dockside waiting to load the wagons along with the other families. LAMPS, TORCHES and BRAZIERS are lit around the docks. A gang of young men wearing top hats approach. They are drunk and shout abuse at the the family.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

Yes, there were a gang of young English toffs. I don't know what else to call them. Finely dressed, top hats, that sort of thing. All drunk, shouting abuse at us, the usual stuff.

Django turns to Stochelo.

DJANGO

I'm going to put a stop to this. Watch and learn Stochelo.

Gertruda is moaning and crying and Tomas and Maritsa cling to her. Django picks up his violin and starts to play. Salitsa puts her hand in Stochelo's.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

Without looking I knew it was Salitsa.

Django plays the Sardana, a freedom song of Catalunya and the taunts and threats die down then stop completely. Django then plays tunes from Hungary, Greece and Egypt. The English toffs tap their feet or walk with their canes in time to the rapid melody. Several begin to sway with the hypnotic beat. One of the toffs sits at Django's feet and others follow.

49 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

49

STOCHELO

A very strange thing happened Ludmilla. You might think that when he finished playing there would have been cheering or applause. There was not a sound and the night hung still.

50 DIEPPE HARBOUR. EARLY EVENING. FLASHBACK.

50

One of the toffs stands.

TOFF

You sir, have taught we gentlemen of Eton a lesson. A lesson we would do well to remember. Fellows, a half sovereign each to pay this maestro for his efforts and wisdom.

DJANGO

I thank you most kindly for these handsome words. But for your money I have no need.

Django beckons Stochelo and Salitsa close.

DJANGO

This is my child, Stochelo and the girl he will marry. Truly gentlemen I am a very rich man.

51 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. DAY.

51

Montage of Irish scenery, a wild Gypsy gathering, a horse fair, the cliffs of Moher and the sea. Stochelo and Salitsa swimming and kissing then Coolshannagh. Voice over from Stochelo.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

We landed at Queenstown and then travelled the length and breadth of Ireland to see the lie of the land. There were wild Gypsy gatherings in Galway and horse fairs in Connemara. We camped for a year near the cliffs of Moher. Time passed and for no reason we drifted east to this softer land and found Coolshannagh. Truly I felt as a pilgrim who had wandered home. I believed magic could happen here - but found out later that I was wrong.

Camera on Stochelo whose eyes are filling with tears. A tear drops and he wipes it away with the back of his hand.

STOCHELO

And staying here in Coolshannagh was the start of my troubles, but how could I know this at the time?

LUDMILLA

Why so? What happended?

We see Stochelo watch the gypsy wagons leave. (From scene 2)

STOCHELO

Well,Django, Gertruda, Tommy and Maritsa went to England with a few other families but I refused to go. I would not leave Sally so stayed with the Rosenbergs.

52 GYPSY ENCAMPMENT. DAY. FLASHBACK.

52

Stochelo (18) and Salitsa (16) are married. There is much celebration by the gypsies. Dancing, singing and drinking.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

We were married, a Gypsy wedding, in 1878, I was eighteen, she sixteen. It was and still is the happiest day of my life, saddened slightly as the family did not return from England to grace it. There was a problem and many in our clan were unhappy. Django was still leader and for too many years he had not been seen.

53 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. DAY.

53

STOCHELO

My mother, Gertruda, hated the travelling ways as you will have gathered and longed for a house. I heard from Tommy when he came over that she finally got her wish. It had taken a long, long time for Sally to conceive so it surprised everyone, me in particular. We had thought that we would never have a child, but Salitsa began to visit Mary-Ellen who made special potions and soon she became pregnant. I asked her once what was in the brew.

LUDMILLA (LAUGHING)

I can guess.

STOCHELO

Eye of newt, toe of frog, tongue of dog, baboon's blood, just the usual stuff.

LUDMILLA

She has a dry sense of humour that one.

STOCHELO

I believed her until Sally, who has read many books told me, this was a joke and a famous spell from a Shakespeare play. Miquel was about two when the grumbling against Django

became too loud. I decided to go by train and boat to England and sort things out with him, Sally came with me and we left Miquel with her sister. Disaster struck in Belfast.

54 STREET BELFAST. DAY. FLASHBACK.

54

Stochelo and Salitsa are in a open cart. Salitsa has a small case with her. The horse suddenly rears up and mounts the pavement. Salitsa falls out of the cart on to the kerb and her arms breaks. The CARTER takes off his hat and wrings it like a sponge. A crowd are there murmuring (inaudible)

CARTER

Good God almighty, I'm sorry! I'll shoot the damned horse so I will.

Salitsa gets to her feet but her arm bone protrudes through her sleeve. A cabby stops and the DRIVER shouts down.

DRIVER

Get in and I'll take you to the surgery. There'll be no charge.

55 INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY. CONTINUOUS.

55

The doctor pulls at Salitsa's arm then binds it with bandages and wooden splints. Stochelo observes with a worried look and gives the doctor a couple of coins.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

This doctor might have tried to set Salitsa's arm well, but failed. I may be speaking ill of the man, Lord forgive me if I am, but he shook and I believe he smelled of the drink. Of course, all thoughts of going to England were finished and we both wanted to get back to Coolshannagh, Sally in particular. The next train was not until three o'clock in the morning, the Dublin milk train.

56 INT. CARAVAN. EARLY MORNING.

56

Salitsa is in bed, her grandmother is there and is making Salitsa breathe in the fumes from a potion. Salitsa coughs, cries out in pain and holds her arm. Salitsa beckons for Stochelo to come close.

SALITSA

For God's sake things are bad enough
without choking me to death. Get rid
of the woman, Grandmother or no.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

I sent word and a pony and trap to
Mary-Ellen and she was with us within
the hour. I told her that Grandmother
Rosenberg had cast a healing spell.

MARY-ELLEN, 80s, is talking to Stochelo.

MARY-ELLEN

Well that was five minutes wasted.

Tenderly, Mary-Ellen examines Salitsa's arm then looks up.

MARY-ELLEN

There is no doubt, Sally, that both
bones are broken and who ever
interfered did a bad job. Indeed, he
has done more harm than good. I saw
many such injuries when I was a nurse
in the Crimean war. The bones are both
twisted and there is considerable
swelling. Also, one bone punctured the
skin and the wound looks angry. I fear
there may be infection.

SALITSA

What can you do, Mary-Ellen, what's to
be done?

MARY-ELLEN

I can do nothing, my dove. My skill
does not extend to the use of
scalpels. A surgeon needs to open the
arm. I think the artery is trapped and
the blood no longer flows. That has to
be sorted and quickly. There must be
no delays. You must go to Dublin.
There are fine surgeons there who know
their trade and keep their knives
sharp and cleansed with bromine. A
country hack who works with cows as
often as with people is not what you
need. To Dublin, Sally - and quickly.

Mary-Ellen beckons Stochelo to come outside the caravan with
her.

MARY-ELLEN

Stochelo, that man, whoever he was has butchered her arm. It is a mess and would have been better left. The wound was not cleaned properly and is infected. It may be already too late to save the arm. If the infection gets into her blood it could be very serious. I have smelled the wound and there is an unpleasant odour.

STOCHELO

What do you mean Mary-Ellen when you say very serious?

MARY-ELLEN

Don't be stupid, Stochelo, you know what I mean well enough. Unless Salitsa is treated properly and quickly...(Pause) Now get me home. I have things to do. I will send some broth. It has no healing powers, no magic or any such stupidity. But it is light on the stomach.

57 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. DAY.

57

STOCHELO

Sally called for Mary-Ellen and I followed but she wanted to be alone with Mary-Ellen. They talked for about ten minutes then I took Mary-Ellen home. I asked her what they had talked about but she said to ask Sally. When I returned Sally was asleep and slumbered through the day. By nightfall she was running a high fever.

58 INT. CARAVAN. EVENING.

58

Salitsa is sitting in the chair, the fire is burning. Stochelo looks at Salitsa.

STOCHELO

You look hot my darling.

SALITSA

I am too hot, burning up. I wish to sit under the night stars and watch the moon rise. It will keep me cool.

STOCHELO

But December is near, I will light a
fire and fetch coats.

SALITSA

No, no fire and no coat. I need to
cool. You can hold me through the
night and will give all the warmth I
need.

59 EXT. CARAVAN. EVENING. CONTINUOUS.

59

Stochelo puts two chairs outside and they sit huddled.
Salitsa holds Stochelo's arm.

SALITSA

Tell me things in our life together
that have made you happy, I have my
own stories but wish to hear yours.

Camera pulls slowly away from Stochelo and Salitsa talking.
Salitsa laughs.

60 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

60

STOCHELO

Ludmilla, it was very easy to do. Had
she wished to know sad times it would
have been difficult. I told her
memories of times past that were close
to my heart.

61 EXT. CARAVAN. EVENING.

61

Stochelo and Salitsa are huddled together. (Writer's note. If
possible this scene would be great with a wolf!)

STOCHELO

Do you remember when we were
travelling north and camped in the
wilderness that is the Foret
d'Aveyron? The day had been hot and
the night was too close to remain
indoors. We wandered into the forest
and sat in a small clearing, listening
to the wolves calling to each other. I
lay down and you rested on my chest.
The she wolf came visiting and her
eyes gleamed yellow in the moon's
brightness.

SALITSA

I remember well. You pulled out your knife, and spoke to her in the old language. She came close and sniffed the hand which you held out. Did she really speak to you?

STOCHELO

Of course, she did. I apologised for being in her forest and begged forgiveness. You have my permission to stay for tonight, handsome Prince. Nothing will harm you. She seemed to be looking at my blade. Oh mother, I am sorry and folded the knife. I am not offended, she said, for we must always protect the one we love. She howled, if you recall, but that was to show me her fangs, of which she was proud, and left us blessed to spend the night in safety.

Salitsa hugs Stochelo's arm and cuddles her head on his shoulder.

SALITSA

Tell me about Paris, the day I danced to Django's violin on the steps of the great cathedral at Montmartre.

62 STEPS OF MONTMARTRE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

62

Camera shows people in the streets below. walking, tumbling out of cafes. Camera back to Salitsa who wears a red dress and her face looks dirty. She wears no shoes and her dress is pulled down at the front.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

Django said it would bewitch the menfolk and annoy the women, but this didn't matter as it was the men who put money into the hat.

Django stands on the steps. He wears a wide black, slouch Fedora and white shirt that he had ripped and torn the buttons off. His trousers are tucked into high boots.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

He looked magnificent in a wide black, slouch Fedora and white shirt that he had especially ripped and torn the

buttons off, for the occasion. His trousers were tucked into high boots and he stood on the steps, the picture of a Gypsy king.

Django plays his violin, rocking and swaying. A crowd gathers. Salitsa dances and Stochelo collects money in his hat. The men look at Salitsa.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

I was jealous of every man who looked at you and smiled at the money given but inside made a secret curse. May you die in pain and rot in hell. I grinned my thank-you in Romani.

63 EXT. CARAVAN. EVENING.

63

Stochelo is looking at Salitsa. Montage of Stochelo and Salitsa wandering the streets of Paris, resting under a bridge and a woman talking to them (inaudible) eating bread from a baker's oven.

STOCHELO

At midnight Django went back to camp but we wished to wander the Parisienne streets. We rested under one of the bridges over the Seine but a Madame de la nuit asked us not to stay. She is too beautiful, she said looking at you. My gentlemen friends might see her and I would fare badly in comparison. But she was kind, not angry and wished us a fond good night. We ate fresh bread, hot from the baker's oven, as the church clocks of Paris struck four.

SALITSA

Would you fetch the bottle of absinthe? Just one glass to soothe my stomach.

Stochelo goes into the caravan and fetches a bottle of ABSINTHE and TWO GLASSES. He pours a glass each and hands one to Salitsa. She takes a sip.

SALITSA

If anything should happen to me, my wonderful handsome man, you must promise not to spend your life alone.

It would ease my mind to know that you had someone to look after you. Stochelo you are mighty and strong in some ways but in others you need the strength of a wife.

STOCHELO

Enough of this nonsense Sally! You have a broken arm nothing more and off to Dublin we will soon go... Enough of this silliness.

Salitsa kicks of her shoes and rubs her feet into the grass.

SALITSA

Now, my love, there is no point in saying hard words to me. You know they won't work. It would make me feel easier, that is all, if you promise that if anything happens to me you will not be on your own. You are too good a man to waste. Promise me now.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

Ludmilla, I did make that promise but, before God, I did not mean it. I only said the words to ease her mind.

64 EXT. CARAVAN. DAWN NEXT DAY.

64

Stochelo wakes up and shivers. Salitsa is resting her head on his shoulders and holding his arm.

STOCHELO (V.O.)

Sally was still resting her head and holding my arm but she was still and I knew she was gone. I did not move for an hour as I did not wish to disturb her and would have sat longer but the camp awoke and...

65 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. LATE AFTERNOON.

65

Stochelo has tears in his eyes.

STOCHELO

So, you see Ludmilla, I cannot marry again even if I wished it so because of the vow I made to my beautiful Sally.

Ludmilla puts her hand on Stochelo`s arm.

LUDMILLA

The vow you made to her that you would marry again, that vow?

STOCHELO

Yes, that's the one - the vow I did not mean.

LUDMILLA

Have you spoken to anyone else on this matter?

STOCHELO

As it happens, I have. I went to confession with Father Joe to ask absolution for the lie I told Sally.

LUDMILLA

And what did he say?

STOCHELO

He said he could not give me absolution for that particular sin, for no sin had been committed. He then threw me out of the church saying, but there is a sin being committed and don't come back until you are prepared to honour the vow you made to your dear departed wife. What do you think Ludmilla?

LUDMILLA

I think Salitsa was a very loving, wise woman and that Father Joe has a point.

Ludmilla drains her glass.

THE COOLSHANNAGH POINT TO POINT

66 COOLSHANNAGH VILLAGE. DAY.

66

The villagers leave their homes and chat idly to each other as they make their way to the church. Whilst the narration is in progress the camera moves quickly from the church, through the village past Duffy`s Bar, over the river, up the hill to McCool`s Stone at the top, around the stone and down again to finish at Duffy`s.

NARRATOR

The Coolshannagh Point-to-Point race is always eagerly anticipated in the unhurried social calendar of the village. There were in fact two such races held on the same day, one 'official' and the other less so, the three-mile route being the same for both. The event and preparations for it occupied everyone for a good few days. The notion of a point-to-point race is simple enough. The race starts at one point and finishes at another with no fixed route in between. The start was always at Father Joe's church, correctly known as the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, then a mad dash through the village, past Duffy's Bar, over the Calekil river, up the hill to McCool's Stone at the top, around the stone and down again to finish, where else, at Duffy's.

The starter was always Father Joe (camera on Father Joe) and the judge at the finish was Duffy (camera on Duffy). Vincenti Quilto (camera on Vincenti) normally stood on top of McCool's stone to ensure the riders took no short-cuts, but had gotten old and could no longer climb the hill so Joey McGarvey (camera on Joey) was given the job instead of ensuring no one took any short-cuts.

Patchwork is talking to Father Joe. There are other villagers stood round talking.

PATCHWORK

At one-hundred and two years old, I am as good as any man half my age. It's only the 'screwmatics' which stops me from running up the hill which I did every day until I was seventy-three for the sake of my health.

FATHER JOSEPH

Patchwork you can be chief judge which is a very important position. You shall decide on any irregularities or disputes. With the title goes a free

pint at Duffy`s.

Patchwork looks pleased and walks away smiling as he tells everyone who will listen his new role. Stochelo is talking to the riders of the horses (inaudible)

NARRATOR

Stochelo gave each rider a time handicap. The poorer horses might set off one or two or more minutes before the field. His decisions were never questioned as he was scrupulously fair and the race was usually contested by a half-dozen or more horses charging towards the line. The race cost a guinea to enter, a tidy sum, for in those days a pint of porter could be bought for six pence. This fee did pay for the festivities of the day as only half was returned in prize money.

67 EXT. DUFFY`S BAR DAY. CONTINUOUS.

67

At the side of Duffy`s under a cover there are four huge CAULDRONS suspended on IRON TRIPODS with a great bonfire lit under each. The tables are laden with SODA BREAD and CAKES. JOSIE DUFFY, 40s, fusses round.

NARRATOR

Josie Duffy makes enough mutton stew for a hundred people and fish chowder for one hundred more. They bring their own bowls, mugs and spoons for Josie says she is not washing up a hundred crocks.

68 EXT. CHURCH. NOON.

68

There is a crowd by the start line. A dozen riders are waiting. Stochelo stands in front of the riders.

STOCHELO

As you all know, there will be no crops used. If you can't get the most out of your horse without whipping it then you're no rider. Kitty O`Shea has six minutes ahead of the field and Shaughnessy on his carthorse five. One minute behind the field will start Alice Andrews, who is only thirteen but a great jockey for I taught her

myself and the pony is mine. Lord
 Johnny Fitzherbert on his hunter
 'Flannagan' will also start one minute
 behind. The rest I consider equal.

The crowd cheer, boo, applaud and stamp their feet.

FITZHERBERT

For goodness sake, Stochelo, I am not
 a bloody Lord!

STOCHELO

No, but you will be when your old man
 does the decent thing and rolls over!

More cheers and laughter from the crowd. Stochelo helps Kitty
 O'Shea into the saddle.

VOICE

Careful where you put your hands
 Stochelo.

Laughter from the crowd. Kitty, riding side saddle, canters
 off blowing kisses. Father Joe leans in to Stochelo.

FATHER JOE

When are you going to marry that
 woman?

STOCHELO

I don't know Father; it's complicated.

FATHER JOSEPH

No, it is not complicated at all. Marry
 the woman I say, and do us all a
 favour!

As each horse departs there is a great roar from the crowd
 and when the last one leaves the crowd move off towards
 Duffy's.

69 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR DAY. CONTINUOUS.

69

The crowd are drinking. Duffy is leaning out of the top
 window with an old brass telescope to his eye.

DUFFY

It is Tom Foley ahead at the Stone by
 five lengths I would say. I think it
 is one of the Duggan boys next, though
 I cannot say which. Johnny Fitzherbert

has just rounded the Stone and Alice is close behind. I think Johnny is closing, in fact I'm sure he is...

FATHER JOE

What's happening now Duffy?

DUFFY

They're behind the woods.

Camera on the crowd looking to where the riders will be coming. Back to Duffy at the window.

DUFFY

They're crossing the bridge. Two hundred yards to go. It's still Alice and Johnny.

Camera on two horses racing neck and neck and they cross the white bandage, Alice wins by a neck.

FATHER JOSEPH

A close race indeed but I think I need to consult with our chief judge Patchwork.

The crowd boo, clap and laugh.

PATCHWORK

It was close. But I have much experience in the judgement of horse-races. For a while I was employed at a fancy racecourse in Paris to do the very thing. I never made a mistake and the Mayor of Paris wanted to give me a gold medal for my services. In fact, he did give me that medal and I believe I still have it...

FATHER JOSEPH (INTERRUPTING)

A grand story Vincenti but another time. You have to announce who won.

PATCHWORK

Well, unless I am the only one left with eyesight, every man, Jack, woman and child can see it was Alice. I don't know why I had to judge, it was so clear. Have you all gone blind? Alice Andrews won, of course she did.

Alice jumps up and down with excitement and laughs and cries at the same time. Johnny Fitzherbert gives her a hug and a brotherly kiss. Stochelo pulls Johnny aside.

STOCHELO

You are a true gentleman my Lord.

FITZHERBERT

I`m sure I don`t know what you mean Stochelo.

STOCHELO

I`m pretty bloody sure you do!

Stochelo slaps Johnny on the backside. Camera on the crowd congratulating the riders, laughing and drinking whilst the narrator says.

NARRATOR

There is another race held on the same day after the horse race has finished. It is a running race along the same route and anyone can enter for there is no charge. Neither is there an official prize but the winner of the horse race is expected to give the winning boy a sovereign. It could of course be the winning girl, but in those far off times traditions were different and girls did not run.

70 CARD: THREE DAYS EARLIER

70

71 COUNTRYSIDE NEAR THE SCHOOL. DAY.

71

Miquel and Eamonn are walking home from school.

EAMONN

You`ll be running in the race on Saturday Miquel? It`s a grand craic and the winner gets a gold sovereign.

MIQUEL

Away with you Manny. Look at the size of me. If it was a boxing match I`d enter and win, but three miles and a mile straight up McCool`s hill at that. No, not for me Manny. Anyway, you`re the best runner in school, surely you`ll win it easily?

Eamonn is uncomfortable.

EAMONN

Did you not hear what happened last year?

MIQUEL

I did not, I had little to do with the village then. Tell me.

Eamonn skips forwards and turns around. He walks backwards facing Miquel.

EAMONN

The race is called a point-to-point but in truth the route is more or less fixed: Start at Duffy's, over the bridge, up the hill and back. The horses can't race through the woods but the lads can, and there is a path to the stone. I do not boast Miquel when I agree with you that I am the best runner over a distance in the village. There's nothing to me. That gob-shite Sullivan is pretty good but he does not have the beating of me, not at all.

72 COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

72

Eamonn is running towards the stone and is fifty yards ahead of Sullivan and Mahoney.

EAMONN (V.O.)

I was fifty yards ahead of him and that galoot Mahoney and rounded the stone in first place. I passed Sullivan as I raced down, but not his sidekick. I soon found out why.

As Eamonn runs Mahoney jumps from behind a tree and wrestles him to the ground. Sullivan runs past laughing.

EAMONN (V.O.)

I'm good at many things, Miquel, but fighting isn't one of them. He held me until Sullivan was a hundred yards in front then let me go.

73 COUNTRYSIDE NEAR THE SCHOOL. DAY.

73

Eamonn walks alongside Miquel.

EAMONN

The race was done, there was no way I could catch him so the sovereign was his. I suppose he split it with Mahoney.

MIQUEL

What did you do?

EAMONN

There was nothing I could do. I'm not the sort to peach or tell tales.

MIQUEL

Well, I tell you Manny, it won't happen this year. I'll hang out in the woods and if Mahoney tries any funny business he'll have me to deal with. In fact, I might just give him and Sullivan a few smacks on Friday night just for the say so. I don't like the way they behave in class either. Always being smart or a bit rude to Miss.

EAMONN

There's no need for you to do anything, thanks and all, but I prefer to fight my own battles. I have it all figured out. If they try the same stunt again and they might for a sovereign is no small prize, Mahoney can hide in the woods all night long but he will wait in vain.

Eamonn stops waking and smiles at Miquel.

MIQUEL

Go on then you eejit, tell me. What is the grand plan?

Miquel and Eamonn walk off talking (inaudible)

74 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

74

The crowd gather to see the start of the boys' race. Some have removed their shirts. Father Joe addresses the boys and

the crowd. (*Whilst he is talking the camera pans to the crowd to see their reactions)

FATHER JOSEPH

Now boys, I will not be calling out, to your marks; get set; go! today which is the normal run-of-the-mill way to start a race. We have something much more exciting. *Mister McGarvey who works for the railway has brought along a detonator which is used to communicate with trains. It is little more than a firework but will go off when I hit it with a hammer. Sure, all boys like a bang or two. So today, just for the hell of it, I will call to your marks; set in the normal way and give the detonator a wee crack.

Camera back to Father Joseph.

FATHER JOE (CONT'D)

The race will start when the detonator goes off. I am told it will all be quite safe and a good bit of fun. To your marks, get set.

Father Joseph hits the detonator with the hammer which flies thirty feet in the air. He holds his wrist and is in great pain. Camera follows the gaze of the crowd as the hammer curves in the air and lands at Duffy's feet. The crowd cheer as the boys set off. Ludmilla sees Miquel watching and approaches him.

LUDMILLA

I see you're not racing Miquel.

MIQUEL

I am not Miss. Running across country and bog is best left to the little fellas. Sorry Miss, I cannot chat. I'm off to meet McGarvey.

LUDMILLA

Well why is that now? Surely if we just stand still he'll run to us as this is the finish of the race?

Miquel looks anxious.

MIQUEL

Miss, to avoid trouble with Sullivan, Eamonn is planning to come back straight down the hill and swim across the river, mad as hell that he is. I'm away there now to keep an eye on things. It's a mad plan Miss. I told him so but he wouldn't listen.

LUDMILLA

Eamonn McGarvey is a little fella but a stubborn child. And right you are Miquel it's a foolish plan. Hang on a minute, I'll come with you.

75 MCCOOL STONE. CONTINUOUS.

75

Eamonn and Sullivan are neck and neck. Joey McGarvey is on top of the stone a stick in one hand and a green cap in the other. He is crouching up and down and shrieking encouragement to Eamonn.

MCGARVEY

Run boy. Come on Manny.

Sullivan rounds the stone first and runs down the hill, Eamonn runs down the opposite side. He jumps, rolls and gambols down the hill towards the river. Ludmilla and Miquel wave to him and shout in unison.

LUDMILLA

Don't Manny. Go to the bridge.

MIQUEL

Don't Manny.

Eamonn responds with a friendly wave and dives into the river. Miquel takes off his clothes.

LUDMILLA

Miquel. What on earth.

MIQUEL

He didn't take his boots off miss.
He'll never get over with those clodhoppers on!

Eamonn gets half way across and then goes under. Miquel is waiting for him to come down river and finds him lying in the shallows. Miquel hauls him to the surface then to the riverbank. Miquel turns him on his back and presses down on

Eamonn`s chest then releases. Miquel does this until water trickles from Eamonn`s mouth and he starts breathing. Miquel collapses and lays on his back.

Camera looking up from Miquel at Ludmilla who is holding his trousers.

LUDMILLA

Well done, Master Maloni. You might want these.

NARRATOR

Eamonn McGarvey did not return to school until after the Christmas holidays and when he did was much changed. His intelligent bright eyes were now dull and his quick skipping step ponderous. Miquel visited him at his home.

76 INT. EAMONN`S BEDROOM. DAY.

76

Eamonn sits in bed with a faraway look in his eye. His father Joey is there with Mary-Ellen who turns to him.

MARY-ELLEN

There is very little to be done for the little fella, nature must find its own way. It's fortunate he went under where he did with the tide coming in. I believe he would have been drowned further up the river. I don't know why but sea-water is kinder in these matters. Rest and a prayer is all that can be done.

Camera on Eamonn in bed.

NARRATOR

Eamonn had a good long rest and prayers were said throughout Coolshannagh. Father Joe offered a daily mass and there were insufficient candles to match the votive intentions they indicated. Eamonn did recover -after a fashion.

77 INT. SCHOOLROOM. MORNING.

77

Eamonn is sat next to Miquel and they open their reading books.

EAMONN

Would you read to me Miquel. Most of my words are gone and the ones that are left seem quite jumbled.

MIQUEL

Let's do it together Manny. We'll figure it out.

Miquel starts reading, slowly. Camera pulls slowly away.

MIQUEL

September 30th 1659 I, poor miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm, came on shore on this dismal unfortunate island, which I called the island of Despair all of the rest of the ship's company being drowned and myself almost dead.

THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF FRIDAY THE PIG

A montage of Archduke Ferdinand shot in 1914, soldiers going off on trains to war and in the trenches.

78 EXT. COOLSHANNAGH STATION. EARLY MORNING.

78

Miquel walks out of the station as a train departs. He is six feet four and carries his KITBAG and walks through the village. Whilst he is walking we hear the narrator.

NARRATOR

Miquel `Gypo` Maloni would have been killed by a German bullet had it not been for the good book which was in the inside pocket of his tunic which co-incidentally covered his heart. When I say the good book most will think I mean the Bible. In Miquel's case it was Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe which gave Miquel respite from The Great War.

79 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

79

The bar is empty except for Duffy. Miquel enters, dumps his kitbag and throws his peaked cap onto the bar. Duffy pours a pint of PORTER and slips it across the counter.

DUFFY

Here you are Gypo. I was going to drink this myself to check the beer, but you have it. How are you doing? How's the war?

MIQUEL

I'm fine thanks, Duffy. As for the war it's doing grand, but can manage without me for a week or two.

DUFFY

You look a bit thin Gypo, your uniform hangs a little loose, have you been unwell?

MIQUEL

No, I'm fine. The food in France is not to my liking, nothing but snails and frog's legs - that sort of thing. Not to my taste, and the bread has nothing to it. Anyway, I needed to lose a bit of weight.

DUFFY

And the war, what's that like?

MIQUEL

Oh, not so bad. Noisy; war is very noisy and muddy. Other than that, you get used to it.

DUFFY

The talk was Gypo that you got shot. A bullet near the heart they say...

MIQUEL

Do they now? Well people talk too much about things they know little.

DUFFY

But tell me now Gypo, did you get shot? You know my lips are sealed and I would not tell another soul. On my mother's life any word you say will go no further. As I say my lips are sealed.

MIQUEL

I thought your mother was dead these last ten years Duffy.

DUFFY

She is that, but you know what I mean,
you get my drift.

The door opens slowly and ahead pokes round the door. It is
OLIVER MCGINTY, late 40s.

DUFFY

Hello McGinty, don't stand there like
an eejit. Come in. What can I do you
for? Bit early for you is it not?

McGinty hobbles in on two WOODEN CRUTCHES.

MCGINTY

Ah, good morning to you Duffy. No, I
don't want a drink I'm here to see you
on a business matter. I was hoping to
catch you alone.

DUFFY

Well it's only Gypo, home from the
war, so it's much the same thing.

Duffy laughs at his wit.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Come on now Oliver, a man cannot come
into a bar and not have a drink, why
it would be against nature. A
Guinness? Porter?

MCGINTY

Well, you've twisted my arm. I'll have
a drop of porter.

McGinty turns to Miquel.

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

Home from the war is it Gypo? I hear
things are going very well. The papers
are full of great victories.

MIQUEL

Don't believe everything you read
McGinty. I bet the German newspapers
say that they're winning the war also.

MCGINTY

Well who is winning?

MIQUEL

I have no idea. Myself I think that everyone is losing. But who knows?

MCGINTY

Good luck to you anyway Gypo. If you don't mind, I need a private word with Duffy here.

MIQUEL

No problem, I'll sit in the corner with my fingers in my ears.

Duffy and McGinty start to talk (inaudible)

80 COUNTRYSIDE. CONTINUOUS.

80

Stochelo is talking to FERGAL O`SHAUGHNESSY (50s) who is the carter.

O`SHAUGHNESSY

Good morning Big Gypo. I've heard Miquel is back. I passed him walking from the station. I believe he called into Duffy's and maybe still there. I hear that they only drink wine in France and he probably fancied a pint. I have never tasted wine myself but it is made from grapes, so it says in the Bible, and is probably sweet. Not that I have ever tasted a grape mind. Anyway, I think he is in the pub. If you want to join your boy I'll take you there in the cart. It will save you the walk and be a bit quicker.

Stochelo gets in the cart and they ride off.

O`SHAUGHNESSY (CONT`D)

The story is that you and young Miquel had a bit of a disagreement when he joined up.

STOCHELO

Is that the story Fergal?

O`SHAUGHNESSY

It is. It is said that you pulled Miquel and Frankie Andrews out of Duffy's Bar and punched the pair of them black and blue and they just

stood there and never lifted a finger
to defend themselves.

STOCHELO
Is that what is said?

O`SHAUGHNESSY
It is.

Stochelo stares forward and lights a cigarette.

81 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

81

The pub has more customers. Stochelo enters and sees Miquel in the corner with an empty glass. The men in the pub look at each other. Duffy is behind the bar.

DUFFY
Hello,Big Gypo, and what can I get
you?

STOCHELO
Two pints of porter please.

Duffy pours the beer and Stochelo picks them up and goes over to Miquel. He puts the pint in front of Miquel and sits down. He bows his head.

STOCHELO (QUIETLY,CONT`D)
I`m sorry I hit you, and Frankie as
well.

MIQUEL
And I`m sorry I left without saying
good-bye. Don`t worry about Frankie.
He thinks we got off lightly.

Miquel holds his hand to his father and the shake turns into a violent hug with a rough kiss thrown in. Foreheads clash and Stochelo pulls Miquel close.

STOCHELO
Don`t you die on me boy! I worry all
the time and pray every day at the
church that you are safe. Father Joe
says he doesn`t mind if I put a bed at
the back, I`m there so often. I think
he is joking but I`m not sure. I lost
your mammy and could not live if I
lost you.

MIQUEL

There's nothing to worry about anymore, Da`. I'm safe. You've already saved my life.

STOCHELO

How so?

Miquel takes the copy of Robinson Crusoe out of his tunic and drops a misshapen bullet into the hole.

MIQUEL

That's the bullet that should have done for me Da', the one that had my name on it. The surgeon who removed it said had the book not robbed it of power, it would have gone through my heart. You sent me to school, you chose *Robinson Crusoe* which saved my life.

Tears run down Stochelo`s face.

STOCHELO

Thank God, Mary-Ellen did not give Tommy a thinner book.

Stochelo and Miquel laugh, then regain their composure.

MIQUEL

How is Kitty Dad, is she well?

STOCHELO

She's grand and sure there will be a great hooley when we get back home.

MIQUEL

Of course, Da' but I want to see Miss Sentna and tell her the good news and the tale about the book. It will make her chuckle. Then Eamonn, how's Manny doing?

STOCHELO

Ludmilla is fine, still one of the wonders of Coolshannagh. But she's not here. She's away to Dublin, Trinity College says Father Joe. She has been writing stories about numbers, something like that, which Father Joe has been sending to the College for many years. Now they want her to be a

Doctor or something. As for Eamonn, he's not doing too well since you left. No-one to stand up for him, he gets more than his fair share of torment. The Sullivan boy, who is a bad lot, and Malachi Mahoney, who is but a tag-a-long idiot, have taken to using him as their pet. Poor McGarvey, fool that he is, does whatever they say.

SEAMUS MCCLUSKEY, 30s, speaks to Stochelo and Miquel.

MCCLUSKEY

Forgive me, Stochelo, and you too Miquel, I was not listening in - I would not, but I could not help but hear you mention McGarvey. If it is young Eamonn you're after, why I passed him not five minutes ago with those two ne'er-do-wells riding that pig of his along the seawall. I tell you boys, the tide is out and he'll be dead if he falls the wrong way. I am not interfering, I would not but thought..

Miquel stands up.

MIQUEL

Sorry Da` I'm going to see what's going on.

STOCHELO

Leave it be Miquel. You can't look after Eamonn all of his life.

MIQUEL

True but I can look after him today.

Miquel exits.

82 SEA WALL. CONTINUOUS.

82

Miquel comes jogging up to see Jonell Sullivan laughing and jeering as Eamonn teeters on a pig on the sea wall which is led by Malachi Mahoney. Their faces fall when they see Miquel approaching. Miquel stands looking at them.

SULLIVAN

Hello there, Gypo. We're just having a

bit of fun with McGarvey here. Just a bit of fun that's all.

Miquel holds his arms out to Eamonn.

MIQUEL

Come on Eamonn, off the pig.

Eamonn falls off the pig into Miquel's arms.

EAMONN (DULL)

Just a bit of fun.

SULLIVAN

See Gypo, McGarvey says so himself. Just a bit of fun. No harm done. Tell him McGarvey, no harm done.

EAMONN (DULL)

No harm done.

Eamonn realises it is Miquel and becomes animated.

EAMONN (CONT'D)

Miquel! Miquel! I came to you house to see if you wanted to play but your Da' said you were playing in France. Has that game finished?

MIQUEL

No Manny it has not, and neither has this game. Whose turn on the pig now? You Sullivan or you Mahoney?

Mahoney turns to run away.

MIQUEL (CONT'D)

There's no point in running off Mahoney. This is a small village and unless you're going to run to Dublin I'll find you and re-arrange your face. The girls at school used to smirk and talk about how good looking you were. That will change quickly boy. Jonell, get on the pig!

Sullivan's face contorts with fear.

SULLIVAN

For Christ's sake no Gypo! It was only a joke! We were only playing!

MIQUEL

No problem Sullivan. You had your joke and now I'm having mine. I'm only playing too. Get on the pig, and you, Mahoney, take the halter and lead him on his ride. You can have this bit of fun for free lads- I'll not charge you, and I hear it costs a penny to ride a donkey on the beach.

SULLIVAN

Please Gypo no! If I fall onto the rocks I'll be killed!

MIQUEL

Now there's a funny thing. You'll be no more dead than Eamonn had he fallen. And I really don't care. I see a thousand men dead every week in France and another body will not bother me at all. For the last time, get on the pig or I'll give you a few smacks and put you on myself. Either way Sullivan you will ride the pig.

Sullivan climbs slowly onto the sea wall and avoids looking down at the rocks below. He straddles the pig and Mahoney leads the pig along the sea wall. Whilst we are seeing this the narrator speaks.

NARRATOR

That a family should keep a pig was nothing of note, indeed it was most common in villages such as Coolshannagh. That the pig should reach maturity and not be turned into bacon, ham, sausages and all the other pork products was more unusual, in fact unique. Joseph, Eamonn's father had bought the animal as a piglet with the only expectation that it should be fattened and later added to the family's menu. As was also usual, the task of looking after the pig fell to a youngster, in this case Eamonn.

*Montage of Eamonn washing and brushing Friday, Friday in a muddy depression in his sty and Eamonn adding water to it. Eamonn walking Friday round the village with a halter. Pig now bigger and Eamonn riding it.

NARRATOR

The boy performed his duties well, keeping the animal fed and watered and in good health. After the tragedy at the point to point the animal became an object of affection for Eamonn and he named it 'Friday'. Pigs are intelligent animals and Friday recognised that Eamonn looked after and cared for him and was gentle in return. Eamonn's weight was familiar on his back and caused Friday no alarm. Not so with Sullivan.

Sullivan sits tensely on the pig and has a scared look on his face. Friday bolts, squealing and snorting and Mahoney runs away. Sullivan throws himself off Friday and runs after Mahoney.

NARRATOR

It is a fact of life, maybe indeed a fact of the universe, that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Every schoolboy and girl knows this truth as one of the Laws of Motion written down by the great scientist Sir Isaac Newton, he of falling-apple fame. Sullivan, in throwing himself to safety, unfortunately propelled the charging pig in the opposite direction with sufficient force to tumble it off the sea wall onto the waiting rocks. Friday the pig fell for less than one second in which, the aforesaid Sir Isaac's calculations decreed, gravity supplied more than sufficient force to kill the pig - which it did. Friday, Eamonn McGarvey's pig, did not suffer and died instantly.

While the above narration is in progress Miquel and Eamonn look over the sea wall. Freeze frame. (We need a net to catch the pig) Father Joseph walks up to them.

FATHER JOSEPH

You know, Miquel, there is a bit in the Bible which says, Vengeance is Mine, sayeth the Lord, which is not bad advice and you might wish to keep it in mind.

MIQUEL

Sorry Father, but God seems to have his hands full, doing the vengeance thing in France at the moment.

Miquel turns to Eamonn and puts his great arm around his friend's shoulders.

MIQUEL (CONT'D.)

Eamonn, I'm sorry boy, sorry about Friday the pig. I'll try to make it up to you somehow. Maybe get another piglet?

EAMONN

Away with you now, Miquel. A pig is just a pig. I'm sure he will make grand bacon. We must get O'Shaughnessy along with his cart before the tide turns.

Camera on Eamonn whose eyes are filled with tears.

FATHER JOSEPH

Amen to that.

Eamonn takes Miquel by the hand and they all walk away towards the village.

STORIES FROM DUFFY'S BAR

83 CARD: 1918 83

84 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. EVENING. 84

The fire is roaring. Miquel sips a PINT OF PORTER. The bar is crowded and men and women laugh and tell jokes.

NARRATOR

For the most part, entertainment in Coolshannagh is less exciting but fits into the rhythm of life better. Take stories for example; now a tale told at the Flicks as I have heard the moving picture shows called, is all very well and good. But a story shared with friends, round a fire on a winter's night, with perhaps a glass of whiskey or porter to keep the throat lubricated and the ears uncritical, is better. In

Coolshannagh, Duffy's Bar was the amphitheatre for such dramas or comedies. Duffy himself appreciated a good tale and every now and then would give a pint of porter to anyone prepared to share a history with the expectant room. He was judge and jury and would additionally provide a pint or a large whiskey for the chronicler he most enjoyed.

85 CARD: ONE YEAR EARLIER

85

86 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. EVENING.

86

The pub is crowded and the drinks are flowing. Duffy is behind the bar. Ludmilla and Father Joseph are sat on the settle.

DUFFY

You are a grand story-teller,
Patchwork but your fables have a
fantastical ring to them and tonight I
only wish to hear accounts that have a
truer feel, if you get my meaning.

PATCHWORK

You're wrong there boy! All my stories
are true. I've lived a long time and
had a full life and am much travelled.
To the uneducated ear some of my tales
may sound unlikely but every word is
true. Not even the smallest lie has
passed my lips.

Ludmilla sits with linked arms with Father Joseph.

LUDMILLA

Give him a pint Duffy and I'll tell
you a true tale.

PATCHWORK

That is kind of you, Ludmilla and I
would not accept a pint off anyone
here who says my stories are false.
You know the truth of it, Ludmilla.
Was it not you who pronounced my code
unbreakable?

Patchwork looks around the bar with a determined expression
but smiles when he is passed a PINT OF GUINNESS. He sits

down.

DUFFY

What do you have for us this cold night, just a spit 'til Advent. What have you got Ludmilla?

LUDMILLA

Duffy, I have nothing for you at all until you chase some of the cold that you mention out of the room. Give the fire a poke and throw on some more coal!

All in the pub laugh.

LUDMILLA

Most of you here think that I am Russian; I have heard people call me in unguarded moments the Russian woman or the Russian teacher or even the one-handed Russian Jew. Although Coolshannagh has been my home for many years and I have no plan to move anywhere but upwards, I am slightly offended by this -but not for the reasons you might imagine. I am Ukrainian not Russian but I forgive you for not recognising the difference. The Russians are as Imperial as the British and have added many unwilling nations to their empire over the centuries. I am no more Russian than you are English.

Montage of Ludmilla's house in Kiev (external shot), Ludmilla's father tending villagers and receiving a basket of mushrooms, eggs, salmon. Father returning home with a pony and trap laden with produce.

LUDMILLA (V.O.)

That my father was a good man is important because he would travel to the nearby villages to tend the sick. He never charged as the villagers had no money but they were honest people and in times of plenty Papa would arrive home, pony and trap laden with all manner of produce for the kitchen: salmon, hares, the eggs of wild quail, a basket of mushrooms and the like. In

the winter life was hard and the poor,
 who scratched a living from the land,
 got by as best they could on food
 stored.

87 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. SAME EVENING.

87

Ludmilla is telling the tale and all listen intently.

LUDMILLA

Nobody, except perhaps Patchwork on one
 of his journeys to the North Pole, has
 experienced the horror cold of a
 Ukrainian winter.

Camera on Patchwork who is beaming.

LUDMILLA (CONT`D)

For those of you who have any
 scientific knowledge or a passing
 interest in temperatures the
 thermometer plummeted to thirty
 degrees below zero on the Fahrenheit
 scale. The wind from the Siberian east
 could roar at fifty-miles-an-hour or
 more and in this icy blast a man would
 freeze solid in minutes unless
 protected.

Camera on the people in the bar looking surprised etc. Some
 nod.

LUDMILLA (CONT`D)

This story involves my father, a poor
 peasant, a Russian Prince and a young
 Orthodox priest. Their lives crossed
 many years ago; I was but a small girl
 and it was the winter of 1870. I can
 be precise for I have always had a
 gift for recalling dates.

88 INT. LUDMILLA`S HOUSE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

88

Ludmilla is playing with her father. There is a knock at the
 door. A SERVANT goes to the door and opens it. IVAN
 PETROVITCH stands there. The servant ushers Ivan in and
 Ludmilla`s father leads him down stone steps to the kitchen.

89 INT. HOUSE KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

89

Ivan drops to his knees, takes off his hat and begins to sob.

IVAN

Doctor Shimon, forgive me. I am unworthy to be under your roof. My life is yours to do with as you will. Please help Doctor Shimon I beg before God. Please help!

Ivan lays on the slabs on the floor.

FATHER

Ivan! Ivan! Stand up sir. Onto your feet like a man. What's up, what problem has brought you here? Sergei, fetch brandy and quick!

The servant gets BRANDY and pours a glass. He gives it to Doctor Shimon who gives it to Ivan. Ivan drinks.

90 COUNTRYSIDE. EVENING.

90

A young boy ALEXEI is cutting TURNIPS and BEETS out of the ground with an AXE. There are other men there doing the same. A SLEDGE appears out of the gloom and swerves. On the sledge are PRINCE GORCHAKOV, late 20s, and FATHER GRIGORI, 30s, who is clad in full length white ermine, a fur hat and rings on his fingers and thumbs.

IVAN (V.O.)

As you know Prince Gorchakov has a hunting lodge in the forest and the road between it and his palace passes through Urbanska. It has become his habit to spend evenings in this dacha with a young priest, Father Grigori, some say to be away from prying eyes. I sent my son out with an axe to cut some turnips and beet out of the ground for the night-time soup when out of the gloom raced the Prince's sledge which had to swerve to avoid hitting Alexei. The Prince beat him of course but then screamed for the men folk to gather. He roared in hysterical anger at the small group of shivering frightened men.

Prince Gorchakov gets off his sledge and beats Alexei.

PRINCE GORCHAKOV

This idiot was in my way! Do you hear, in my way! My father would have run him through and have done with it. But now we live in civilised times. Well fool, you like being in the road so much, stand there until I return. No-one in this village is to help him or wrap him in furs or even touch him. If he is alive when I get back then that is God's will. If he is dead, that is also God's will. Take heed fool. Stand and you might die, move and you most certainly will.

Camera on the men and Alexei looking in fear. Father Grigori gets off the sledge.

FATHER GRIGORI

Remember now, your Prince is anointed by God! To disobey your Prince is to deny God for which sin you will rightly burn in hell. Not one Christian soul is to help this imbecile.

Grigori pulls Alexei's fur bonnet low over his eyes.

FATHER GRIGORI (CONT'D)

Don't go wandering off now.

Grigori and the Prince laugh, get on the sledge and charge away, whipping the horses.

91 INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

91

IVAN

What can I do Dr Shimon? You are wise. What can I do? The boy is well wrapped but will freeze within the hour!

Doctor Shimon speaks to the manservant.

DOCTOR SHIMON

Sergei, quickly now fetch the cart and pair. Everybody is to load it with firewood and add a keg of lamp oil. Quickly now! Take the brandy also.

Doctor Shimon turns to Ivan and Ludmilla.

DOCTOR SHIMON (CONT'D)
 Ivan, jump to it. Go with Sergei.
 Ludmilla, put on your warmest furs and
 boots.

92 VILLAGE OF URBANSKA. CONTINUOUS.

92

The cart approaches and there is a single burning TORCH next to Alexei who is standing in the middle of the track. The Doctor leans across to Ivan and speaks (inaudible) Ivan gets off the cart and walks away. The Doctor speaks to Sergei (inaudible)

LUDMILLA (V.O.)
 My father whispered to Ivan. It is important to make no sound. Do not talk - go into your house and stay there. Go Ivan, do not speak to your son. Go! To Sergei he said, We will make four fires around the lad. He told me to help but not speak and then he went to speak to Alexei.

Sergei makes four bonfires around Alexei and Ludmilla pours LAMP OIL on them. Sergei then lights the wood. The Doctor turns to Ludmilla.

DOCTOR SHIMON
 We've done what we can, Ludmilla,
 let's go home. The rest really is in
 God's hands.

LUDMILLA
 Papa, will we get into trouble?

DOCTOR SHIMON
 With any luck we will not. Even if the Prince and the awful priest do find out what has occurred, we have not gone against their commands. No-one in Urbanska helped the young fellow Alexei for we are not from the village. The priest forbade only Christian souls from giving aid, not very Christian incidentally, and we are Jews. We will just have to pray to God and see what happens.

93 INT. HOUSE. NEXT MORNING.

93

There is a ring at the door and a servant opens it to see

Ivan and Alexei stood there. Alexei has a HARE in his hand and Ivan a BOTTLE of CLEAR LIQUID.

DOCTOR SHIMON

How wonderful to see you both. Come.
Tell us what happened.

94 COUNTRYSIDE. MIDNIGHT. SAME DAY.

94

The Prince and the Priest get off the sledge. Alexei is stood still, covered in snow but there are four pools of slush by him.

PRINCE

Out!Out! All out!

IVAN (V.O.)

He and the priest were staggering about both drunk or addled with opium. Alexei was completely covered in snow but alive and well. There were no footprints and so it was clear that he had not moved. There were however four pools of slush to the north,south, east and west of where Alexei had stood.

The Prince looks confused by says nothing. Father Grigori speaks to Alexei.

FATHER GRIGORI

Why aren't you dead boy? What's this slush?

Father Grigori jumps into the slush and slips over. The Prince laughs. Father Grigori stands, his beautiful white furs is covered with black slime.

FATHER GRIGORI (CONT`D)

Who helped you?

ALEXEI

I think it was Jesus your excellency.
I could not see for my cap...

FATHER GRIGORI (INTERRUPTING)

Jesus! What nonsense! What did he say?

ALEXEI

He said You will not die tonight. I will set four angels,guardians of the

north, south, east and west who, with golden wings of blazing fire, will keep you warm. Stay still and wait for your Prince. Tell him that other fires await for those who have done this thing.

The Prince and Father Grigori hurry back to the sledge and ride off.

95 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. EVENING.

95

LUDMILLA

The un-holy priest and debauched Prince fell into the sledge and whipped the horses back to the palace. The Dacha became unused and overgrown, soon taken back by the forest.

Father Joseph holds Ludmilla's good hand tightly.

FATHER JOE

That is a fine tale, Ludmilla, and every word true. The Lord took a hand in things that night. I'm not long for this world now and it is a comfort to know that Jesus turns up now and then to do his bit.

Ludmilla looks at Father Joseph with a sad look. Miquel leans over the table and taps Ludmilla on the shoulder.

MIQUEL

I am off to the bar, miss. Can I get you and the Father a drink?

LUDMILLA

It's a long time since you left school Miquel. You're a giant of a man now and have been through a war. It's about time you stopped calling me miss. You know my name well enough.

MIQUEL

I could not, miss. It would be impolite to use your first name and would stick in my throat if I tried.

LUDMILLA

Well how about, Miss Ludmilla? Would

that not work?

MIQUEL

It might, miss. Given time, it might.

LUDMILLA

Well that is very kind of you, Father Joe will have a small O'Connell's and Miss Ludmilla will have a schooner of port. Surely you must have a tale to tell? You've been through a lot.

MIQUEL

Miss Ludmilla, those tales are best left. But there is one. A bit unpleasant mind.

96 INT. OFFICERS` MESS. FRANCE. FLASHBACK.

96

LIEUTENANT COLONEL HORACE SMYTHE, 50s, portly, moustache, well spoken, is fussing over his dog, feeding it chicken.

MIQUEL (V.O.)

The Colonel of our regiment was an Englishman, Lieutenant Colonel Horace Smythe. Not a bad chap as far as the English go. But he did have a little dog which I hated. I was not the only one; it was hated by many. You will want to know why of course. Well it was because it was treated better than any soldier. The Colonel would have a chicken roasted for the dog or a bit of fillet steak, while the rest of us were living off bully beef and biscuit. It had fresh milk when we had tinned stuff at best.

A servant leads the dog away. Smythe leans back in his chair and pulls out his pipe.

MIQUEL CONT`D (V.O.)

Worst of all the dog had a servant! The Colonel picked some private to look after his pooch when we were getting shot at. Mind you I would have been first to volunteer for that cushy number!

97 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. SAME EVENING.

97

The fire is roaring in the grate and the bar are listening to Miquel. Father Joseph is asleep.

MIQUEL

Anyway,after the Western Front we were posted to Persia, a great piece of luck. I was with Major Micky Finnegan and the Colonel's forward party securing camp in a desert town called Basra. The place was a mess, I tell you. Johnny Arab was stealing everything day and night. If you were nailing a board sure the nail was gone before the hammer hit. We set up camp and Mickey Finn comes to me and says...

98 INT. CAMP. BASRA. DAY.

98

MAJOR MICKEY FINNEGAN, 40s, Irish, speaks to Miquel.

FINN

Gypo,the animals here are full of rabies. Any dog, cat, fox or jackal anything on four legs, that is not a horse or donkey, shoot,understand me shoot and kill the vermin. That's an order,understand?

MIQUEL

Yes sir, What about camels and goats?

FINN

Careful now, Maloni. We wouldn't want your Gypsy sense of humour to get you into trouble, would we?

99 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. SAME EVENING.

99

MIQUEL

Well he was right about the rabies so he was. A poor lad from Fermanagh called Billy French got nipped on the ear while he slept by the campfire. He died foaming at the mouth on the train to Hyderabad in India the nearest place for treatment. Anyway,there we were, a sentry every twenty yards when who should come out of his tent but

the Colonel, smoking his pipe and
walking his yappy little mutt.

100 EXT. CAMP. BASRA. DAY. FLASHBACK.

100

Smythe is standing with his dog who is barking. A shot is
heard and the dog falls down, dead.

MIQUEL (V.O.)

As quick as the thought came I had
levelled my rifle and put a round
through its head, fifty yards and a
clean kill. Lt.Colonel Horace Smythe
exploded like a whizz-bang at Wipers!
No airs and graces had he then,
cursing like a lowly trooper.

SMYTHE

Guard! Guard! Mickey get your Irish
arse out here!

Finnegan comes out of a tent and Smythe berates him.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Find the bastard who shot my dog, and
it wasn't a bloody Arab. The shot came
from a Lee-Enfield!

Finnegan approaches Miquel who stands to attention.

FINNEGAN

Maloni. Do you know anything about
this?

MIQUEL

Yes sir. It was me that shot the
Colonel's dog. Orders of the watch
sir. You gave them to me yourself sir.

FINNEGAN

By Christ, Gypo! Could ye not see it
was the Colonel's dog, with the
Colonel himself walking the bloody
thing?

MIQUEL

I could that, sir. But the order was
to shoot any dog; anything on four
legs sir! That was the order you gave.
It was a dog sir, the Colonel's dog no
matter, and following orders I shot

it!

FINNEGAN

Gypo, you've done for the both of us,
you bog Irish eejit.

MIQUEL

Yes sir. Thank you, sir.

FINNEGAN

I'm away to tell his Lordship that you
saw a movement and a dog but not him.
If you say anything else Maloni I'll
shoot you my bloody self. Understand?

MIQUEL

Yes sir.

FINNEGAN

Gypo, you are an eejit.

MIQUEL

Yes sir.

101 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. SAME EVENING.

101

The people in the bar are all laughing and slapping each
other on the shoulders. Father Joseph wakes up.

FATHER JOSEPH

Have I missed something?

More laughter. Ludmilla puts her hand on Father Joseph's arm
and smiles.

MIQUEL

And the next morning the Colonel had
the dog buried and, can you believe
this, he had the bugler play the Last
Post! The Colonel sent for me - I
expected to be under arrest but was
not. I stood to attention in front of
his desk.

102 INT. COLONEL SMYTHE'S OFFICE. BASRA. FLASHBACK.

102

Smythe is sat behind his desk. Miquel stands facing him.

SMYTHE

Maloni, I am told it was you who shot
my dog.

MIQUEL

It was, sir. Following orders sir. I'm sorry, sir.

SMYTHE

Do you know that before the war I was posted to India and could take either my wife or my dog.

MIQUEL

A difficult decision sir.

SMYTHE

Yes, it was, Maloni, and I chose to take Poppy; my wife is called Winifred. Stay safe Maloney, after the war I might have a job for you. Dismissed!

103 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. SAME EVENING.

103

The door eases open slowly and Mary-Ellen walks in. Stochelo gets up and rushes over to her.

STOCHELO

Good God! Mary-Ellen, you have not walked up that brute of a hill this freezing night!

Stochelo takes Mary-Ellen by the arm and leads her over to the fire. A younger man vacates his seat for her.

MARY-ELLEN

Not too close now Stochelo. Pull the chair back a little, my legs will scorch.

Stochelo pulls the chair back a little.

DUFFY

It's grand to see you here Mary-Ellen. I wish it was more often the case. And what would your pleasure be?

MARY-ELLEN

My pleasure would be to be fifty years younger, but I'll settle for a hot port.

Mary-Ellen sees Ludmilla.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT`D)

Tis glad I am to see you Ludmilla.
When I've warmed up I'll join you if
Father Joe doesn't mind. I'm normally
one for my own company, but tonight
felt the need to warm my spirits by a
good blaze with kind faces about.

Duffy slides the hot port to Stochelo and waves away the
money for payment.

DUFFY

For the want of anything better to do,
just for the craic, a few stories have
been told. Mary-Ellen you have been in
Coolshannagh for, well I don't know
how long, but the Divil of a long
time. Perhaps you have a few things to
say?

MARY-ELLEN

I might Duffy, I might. But let this
drink warm me up first.

Mary-Ellen takes a sip of her drink.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT`D)

You all are aware that I have some
little skill as a healer and
apothecary? I have heard that some of
the little children and not-so-little
children, call me a witch. Denials are
unnecessary; I know it to be true and
I am not offended. It is silly of
course because magic does not exist.
If it did, in my eighty or more years
I would have bumped into it. No, magic
does not exist and anyone who pretends
otherwise is either a fool, a
charlatan or simply mis-informed. My
apologies to your dear grandmother
Rosenberg Stochelo. A good woman no
longer with us.

Stochelo nods.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT`D)

I can, for example, often tell whether
a baby still in the womb will be a boy
or girl. More often than not I am
right. Whatever it is, it is not magic

and some day medical science will find out the cause of abilities such as mine.

Camera on the people of the bar nodding.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT'D)

And as for the potions and salves I make, all are herbal and have been known since time immemorial. My secret ingredient is boiled water and cleanliness, simple commodities of which I saw the benefit in the Crimean War. I always wanted to be a doctor but when I was a young woman this was almost an impossibility.

Mary-Allen's eyes go vacant. (Pause) She then shrugs her shoulders.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT'D)

I will tell you the true story of a silly young girl, who for the purposes of my story will be known as Charlotte. She was a spoiled child of rich Aristocratic parents, The Duke and Duchess of Montague - a lady no less, gifted and thought beautiful.

Montage of a finely dressed CHARLOTTE (16) in a carriage, at masked balls, summer balls, surrounded by young men. We see her listening to an older man and hanging on his every word.

104 INT. BALLROOM. EVENING.

104

Charlotte is listening to a man, mid 30s, dressed smartly. He is holding court and those around him listen intently and occasionally laugh.

MARY-ELLEN (V.O.)

She enjoyed flirting with the boys of course, why would she not? But it was a man twenty years older, a poet no less, that captivated her foolish, inexperienced heart. Unsurprisingly, he was married. Did he lead her on? He did not have to. Naive that she was, every word that he spoke had great importance and was cleverer than all other words ever spoken. His jokes were always the wittiest and his

thoughts profound. He was the fount of knowledge knowing more than any encyclopaedia and as wise as Solomon if not wiser.

105 INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

105

The POET is reading to the Charlotte (inaudible) She stares at him and when he has finished she kisses him.

106 INT. FINE HOUSE. DAY.

106

Charlotte is in the parlour talking to her MOTHER, 40s.

MOTHER

You have been seen far too often in the company of that poet.

CHARLOTTE

Yes mother I delight in his company. He is so wordly and wise, especially compared to those immature boys who won't leave me alone.

MOTHER

You are aware he is a married man? I do not want a scandal.

CHARLOTTE

I am aware mother but we are just friends. Do not worry.

Montage of fighting in the Crimea whilst the narration is in progress.

NARRATOR

Charlotte, much against her parent's wishes and in a fit of temper, traded romance for doing something useful and joined a band of nurses and nuns led by the famous Lady with the Lamp.

107 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL. CRIMEA.

107

Nurses are busy tending to the wounded and dying. Soldiers are screaming. A handsome CAVALRY CAPTAIN is lying in bed, both arms have been amputated. Charlotte is tending to him.

CAPTAIN

Please kill me and put me out of my misery.

CHARLOTTE

Hush sir. You are healthy and have a long life ahead of you.

CAPTAIN

I would do it myself but but dammit, I can't hold a knife or pull a trigger. Don't waste your time on me because as soon as I'm on the boat home I will throw myself over the side.

Newspapers arrive and Charlotte sits and reads one. Camera sees a poem and then focusses on Charlotte reading whilst the narration is in progress.

NARRATOR

Newspapers from London arrived at Scutari frequently. They were of interest to read and useful afterwards to wrap excised flesh much like a butcher would wrap scraps for a dog. Whilst using The Times of London for this purpose the lady read on an inner page a poem glorifying the very battle in which the suicidal captain had lost both arms. It was an epic of heroism, bravery and patriotic fervour, tremendously well penned she acknowledged. She felt hatred for the poet, her poet, with a vigour of icy passion that frightened. At that moment her life changed. She carefully rolled the blood-soaked newspaper and put it to one side.

108 INT. FINE HOUSE. DAY.

108

Charlotte, now a young woman, is sat in a chair looking out of the window.

NARRATOR

Her ladyship returned to London but could not settle to the stupidity of her former life. She was still very young but did not feel so. Society gatherings appalled her and she refused all invitations. Her mother decided she must be ill and sent for a noted physician, a young man with a growing reputation and an expected bright future.

A PHYSICIAN enters. He puts down his case but before he could start examining her, the girl speaks to him.

CHARLOTTE

How many procedures have you performed, amputations and the like?

PHYSICIAN (CONFIDENTLY)

Oh, many my dear, I am quite the surgeon - twenty or more. Thirty perhaps.

CHARLOTTE

I have assisted at over two thousand and nursed as many men back to health and watched as many die. Please go away.

NARRATOR

For a year she refused company but then, to the delight of her mother accepted an invitation to a ball which was to be the event of the season.

109 INT. LARGE HOUSE.

109

Everyone is finely dressed and as Charlotte enters she sees the poet. He sees her, looks away and carries on his conversation with his set.

NARRATOR

The poet was now famous and had had high honours bestowed by the Queen. He had moved on and had no wish to be reminded of any previous dalliance no matter how slight.

Charlotte strides purposefully across the floor. Her parents look at each other anxiously. She halts behind the poet.

CHARLOTTE

Lord Harvington.

Lord Harvington turns round.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Your Lordship, I have read your poem upon the famed Crimean Charge. In fact I read it at Scutari and would like to make a comment.

The poet smiles indulgently.

POET

Of course my dear.

Charlotte removes the newspaper from her bag. The blood had long since dried and the scraps of flesh which adhered resemble dried bacon. She hits him across the face, paper in hand and he staggers and drops to one knee.

CHARLOTTE

To be honest my Lord, I find your account to be adolescent and unconvincing. It glorifies that which should be deplored.

Charlotte walks over to her parents, kisses them both on the cheek and leaves the room.

NARRATOR

She was never seen in London society again.

110 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. SAME EVENING.

110

Camera pans round the bar. Silence. Everyone is looking at Mary-Ellen.

FATHER JOSEPH

Did you meet her in the Crimea, Mary-Ellen? Did you get to know her in Scutari?

MARY-ELLEN

I did indeed, Father Joe. I got to know her very well indeed. Stochelo, help me outside for a moment and bring a stool. I need to cool a little, it is a problem of old age; one-minute hot the next cold. I never know where I am.

Stochelo helps Mary-Ellen up and picks up a STOOL. They go outside.

111 EXT. DUFFY`S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

111

Stochelo helps Mary-Ellen settle on the stool and lights a cigarette.

STOCHELO

I have a tin of tobacco, Mary-Ellen.
Would you like a refill for your clay?
It's good stuff, Miquel brought it
home from the army.

MARY-ELLEN

It is a kind offer but the mood does
not take me. Perhaps later.

Stochelo smokes and Mary-Ellen sits on the stool. (Pause)

STOCHELO

That was a grand story, Mary-Ellen. I
did not know you were English.

MARY-ELLEN

Most don't Stochelo. It is not much of
a boast in Ireland.

STOCHELO

And a fine lady also. That is an
amazing thing, a wondrous thing to
know.

MARY-ELLEN

It's a long time ago, Stochelo. All I
am now is the old woman you see
sitting on Duffy's shaky old stool.
Anyway, everything I said could just
be a tall tale. There are enough of
those told inside this old pub.

STOCHELO

True enough. But the story was about
yourself, I know that much. (Pause)
Mary-Ellen, it is nearly thirty years
since Salitsa died and a few things
have puzzled me.

MARY-ELLEN

And what would they be?

STOCHELO

It plays on my mind, Mary-Ellen. I
cannot understand how me and Sally
fell asleep on a cold night such as
this. And in the morning and for days
afterwards I looked for the little
bottle of laudanum that the Belfast
doctor gave us and I couldn't find it.

There were only three of us at the caravan on the day she died - you, me and Salitsa. It's a long time ago and I'd like to know what happened.

MARY-ELLEN

What happened is that your beautiful wife, who loved you more than life itself, fell asleep safe in your arms. That is what happened. We all die; it's just a question of when and how. Sally died under the stars that she loved with the man she loved keeping her safe. As for the little bottle I still have it.

STOCHELO

Empty? The laudanum then, who poured it into the absinthe, you or Salitsa?

MARY-ELLEN

Who would you prefer it to have been? Your choice. Either Sally committed suicide or I am a murderess. Which would you have it be?

STOCHELO

I would prefer to think that it was you, Lady Mary-Ellen Montague.

MARY-ELLEN

It's getting cold again. Time to go inside. Will you take my hand, Stochelo?

STOCHELO

I will your Ladyship, I will be pleased to take you indoors.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY FITZHERBERT'S PIANO

112 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

112

NARRATOR

An undertaker, Robert Skinnider from Belfast, retired to Coolshannagh and brought his trade with him. Duffy was greatly pleased to see the coffins gone from his back room. Some of the

old timers that frequented the bar thought this was a pity as the coffins and corpses gave the place atmosphere, a view not shared by Duffy himself. No, all in all he was pleased to be a simple publican and glad of the extra space.

Duffy is at the front sweeping up. O'Shaughnessy the carter and a few heavy men arrive with a PIANO.

O`SHAUGHNESSY
Where do you want it Duffy?

DUFFY
I don't want it at all. What are you on about? Where did you get it?

O`SHAUGHNESSY
Fitzherbert Hall. His Lordship said to bring it here - a present, a gift he said.

Four lower the piano carefully from the cart. Duffy looks at the piano, a beautifully crafted upright. He opens the lid which displays the keys of black ebony and the slight yellow patina of aged ivory.

O`SHAUGHNESSY
There are eighty-eight notes.

O`Shaughnessey strikes one.

O`SHAUGHNESSY (CONT`D.)
I counted em meself.

DUFFY
Why on earth did you do that?

O`SHAUGHNESSY
Oh, I don't know. Something to do. And the piano is made by Bechstein.

O`Shaughnessey points to the lid.

DUFFY
Bechstein, you say? Perhaps that's why His Lordship want's shut of it.

O`SHAUGHNESSY
It may well be, and this is to be hung

with it.

O`Shaughnessey reaches onto the bed of his cart and hands Duffy a PICTURE FRAME wrapped in HESSIAN SACKCLOTH. The men move the piano into the pub.

113 INT. DUFFY`S. BACK ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

113

Duffy looks at the piano then at a wall. His wife Josie is with him. Duffy points to a wall.

DUFFY

It can go there.

JOSIE

It cannot go there, are you mad? It will be in the way when I fetch food in from the kitchen. Anyway, the far wall will suit it much better. What a beautiful piano! If only there was someone in the village that could play. Come on now, don't just stand there gawping!

The piano is sited on the wall and Josie smiles.

DUFFY

Would you like a pint of Guinness each for your trouble boys? No charge.

The men and O`Shaughnessey nod eagerly.

O`SHAUGHNESSY

Open the package Duffy his Lordship said it was to be hung above the piano.

Duffy cuts the string and removes the sacking. The large glass-covered photograph showed a handsome young man in the full regalia of a cavalry captain. His firm jawed face sports a wispy moustache. He stands proud, his cap badge bears the insignia of the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. This is without doubt a young man in his pomp.

Camera on the caption underneath the picture. Captain Johnny Fitzherbert and Flannagan. Then on to all the men looking.

DUFFY

Oh dear. Oh dear.

A montage of shots from World War 1, of horses charging.

NARRATOR

At his first opportunity young Johnny joined his father's old regiment and he and his faithful horse Flannagan found themselves, in 1917, on the western front near to the Belgian town of Ypres. The first thing Johnny sent home was his sword.

114 BATTLEFIELD. YPRES. 1917. FLASHBACK.

114

Johnny is with a package which shows a sword wrapped up. Close up on the note which reads *Keep it safe Dad, It's no use here; it just gets in the way.*

NARRATOR

The second of Johnny's possessions to arrive in Coolshannagh came in an army horsebox.

115 GYPSY FIELD. DAY.

115

An army CORPORAL stands with a piece of paper. Next to him is a horsebox.

CORPORAL

Anyone here called Stoch er Stoch-elo?

STOCHELO

I`m Stochelo.

CORPORAL

Sign here mate. Horse for ya.

Stochelo signs and the corporal opens the horsebox. A thin horse is led out. Round its neck hangs a wooden plaque held securely by a loose, light chain. Pokerwork burned with a hundred scorched dots were three words only Stochelo-Coolshannagh - Ireland. Stochelo takes hold of the halter.

STOCHELO

You're home now, don't worry. I'll make everything alright.

NARRATOR

Johnny DeVere Fitzherbert did not come home.

116 EXT. DE VERE HALL. DAY.

116

Lord and Lady Fitzherbert stand at the door. They have opened

a letter. Lord Fitzherbert reads it, cries out loudly and passes it to his wife. She reads the letter and buries her face in her husbands chest, crying. Whilst that is happening, the narrator speaks.

NARRATOR

Johnny, gentlemanly Johnny, was missing in action. Missing indeed! What a foul, deceitful, cowardly euphemism. Did the War Office believe that corpses were playing some infernal game of hide and seek? No! They knew well that on the Western Front missing meant a brave soldier buried alive under ten feet of throat-clogging Flanders mud; missing meant a boy blown into a thousand parts of unrecognisable offal or torn into dog-meat by white hot fragments of razor-jagged shell-casing; or vaporized into gas by the pent-up volcanic fury released by a high explosive shell landing near.

117 INT. DE VERE HALL. PARLOUR. DAY.

117

A very tired looking Lord Fitzherbert sits drinking whiskey. The bottle is a third full. He stares at the PIANO.

118 INT. DE VERE HALL. FLASHBACK

118

Johnny Fitzherbert is sat at the piano playing 'Any Old Iron' and his father is banging spoons and singing along.

Flashback ends.

119 INT. DE VERE HALL. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

119

Lord Fitzherbert is in bed. He holds his hands to his ears.

NARRATOR

On the rare occasions the Lord managed to climb up to his lonely bed he could hear his boy playing downstairs. That he sung rowdily along to the happily bashed out songs caused his separated wife considerable distress. The piano left home but the night-time playing did not and, in truth, His Lordship was pleased to hear it. But the worry and the whiskey took its toll and soon

the noble peer departed to find his son.

120 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. EVENING.

120

Father Joseph, Ludmilla and Stochelo sit looking at the piano. Father Joseph and Stochelo have a pint of Guinness each, Ludmilla a glass of port. Duffy leans on the bar and stares at the piano.

FATHER JOSEPH

That is a grand piano.

LUDMILLA

I appreciate your humour Father; I believe the pun would only work in Ireland. As you well know it is an upright piano, a Bechstein no less, the best of its type made.

STOCHELO

It is a pity no-one can play the thing a sing-song or a ceilidh every now and then would be a rare treat.

FATHER JOSEPH

I don't believe you are right, Gypo my friend. I recall Ludmilla saying she was a fine pianist in her youth.

LUDMILLA

Father Joe, come on now, that was more than thirty years ago, when I had two hands. I have not played since.

FATHER JOSEPH

Well I am reminded of the Parable of the Talents Ludmilla, the Lord expects your skills to be used.

LUDMILLA

If the Lord would be so kind as to send down an angel with a right hand for me then we might get somewhere. Until then it would be a bit tricky. I don't believe there are any tunes or songs written to be played with left hand alone.

FATHER JOSEPH

I don't know about that Ludmilla, but

I think you should give it ago. Go on
 now it would cheer up this old priest.
 I'd like to hear a note or two played,
 just for the craic.

Ludmilla gets up, pulls a stool to the piano and plays a left-hand exercise, repeating at successively higher octaves. She stands up from the piano and all applaud. Duffy claps in wild enthusiasm while he dances a jig.

DUFFY

My God! That was amazing stuff. Hooray
 to you Ludmilla! Hooray I say. Why you
 would pay a pound to hear that played
 in a concert hall in Dublin. Great
 stuff. Great stuff.

LUDMILLA

Duffy you mad so-and-so. That was not
 a tune. It was a simple exercise to
 warm up the fingers.

Duffy waves to those in the front bar to come through to the back.

DUFFY

I don't care what it was. Great stuff.
 Play some more or I'll bar you from
 the pub!

Stochelo goes to Ludmilla's side and pulls out his TIN WHISTLE, an Irish pipe.

STOCHELO

If you keep playing, I can do
 something with this.

LUDMILLA

What key is it in?

STOCHELO

I have no idea.

Stochelo plays a trill.

LUDMILLA

It's D.

Stochelo and Ludmilla start playing and the back room is soon crowded with customers. After a while little GINNY rushes in with her FIDDLE and starts playing. The room is awash with

dancing, jigging, prancing men,women and children. Blue smoke fills the room. Duffy comes from behind the bar and struts up and down, his thumbs tucked into his waistcoat and elbows flapping.

DUFFY (SINGING)

*Any old iron? Any old iron?
Any,any, any old iron?
You look neat. Talk about a treat!
You look so dapper from your napper to
your feet.
Dressed in style, brand-new tile,
And your father's old green tie on.
ButI wouldn't give you tuppence for
your old watch and chain,
Old iron, old iron.*

NARRATOR

And that was the first of many musical nights at Duffy`s.

THE WEDDING OF KITTY O`SHEA

121 INT. DUFFY`S. EARLY EVENING.

121

NARRATOR

I suppose you are thinking what happened to Patchwork`s book. Let me take you back...

Ludmilla sits at a table, the Matchmaker BOOK is in front of her. Stochelo returns with a pint of PORTER and a glass of PORT. He puts them down on the table.

LUDMILLA

Well Stochelo. If I was to become Matchmaker, the first match I would make would be between you and Kitty O`Shea. It is a fair few years now since Sally died, God rest her soul, and everyone knows she dotes upon you and you seem to like her if the rumours are true. Kitty is still young enough to have children and as for you, my fine Gypsy stallion...

STOCHELO (ALARMED)

Rumours? What rumours?

LUDMILLA

Come on now. Coolshannagh is a small place. Many is the night you leave Duffy's with Kitty on your arm, and no-one believes you sleep in the cowshed.

Camera pans away slowly from Stochelo and Kitty and then to the church.

NARRATOR

The Roman Catholic persuasion of the Christian faith has a ritual for the forgiveness of sins called Confession. The sinner visits the priest and relates the sins committed. This usually takes place in a small box or church alcove commissioned for the purpose but this is just a frill. The main idea behind the confessional box is to preserve anonymity, to save embarrassment perhaps. It is split into two halves, one side for the priest and the other for the penitent. The sinner tells the priest the sins of which he or she is guilty and after some minor quizzing 'absolution' or forgiveness is pronounced. The penitent is given a small punishment which is to atone for the aforesaid transgressions. This is of course too simple an account. There are all sorts of questions to be asked: What if the sinner lies to the priest or leaves things out? What if the priest is corrupt and is prepared to forgive anything for a few bob or a whiskey or two? What if the transgressor does something that is a sin but seemed perfectly reasonable, so didn't declare it?

Whilst the above narration is in progress, the camera moves slowly into the church and focusses on Kitty in a confessional box.

122 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOX KITTY'S SIDE. EVENING.

122

Kitty is sat in the box. Father Joseph is on the other side.

KITTY

Bless me Father for I have sinned. It is one week since my last confession.

NARRATOR

Now conventionally the priest should have preserved the façade that the person on the other side of the curtain was unknown to him, and referred to her as 'My child' or some such, but Father Joe was getting old and had no time for perfunctory subterfuge.

FATHER JOSEPH

Hello there, Kitty. How are you, how're you keeping?

KITTY

Oh, you know Father, a few aches and pains. I'm getting older but I can't complain. And yourself?

FATHER JOSEPH

Old you say! Kitty you're but a young girl. Don't be going on with that getting old stuff. Anyway. Down to business. You're a good woman but I suppose you're still sleeping with the Big Gypo when he takes you home from Duffy's?

KITTY

Well Father....

123 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOX FATHER JOSEPH'S SIDE. CONTINUOUS.

123

FATHER JOSEPH

Come on now, Kitty. You either are or you are not. And I would imagine with that big lump getting into bed beside you, the difference would be known.

KITTY

Yes Father, I am sleeping with Stochelo. We give each other comfort and affection as well as...

FATHER JOSEPH

No need to go on, Kitty, I can guess the rest. How many times have I told

you that it has to stop until you get married?

KITTY

It's Stochelo you have to convince on that matter, Father. As for the other thing - it doesn't seem much of a sin to me.

FATHER JOSEPH

It may not! And to tell you the truth I could not care less myself. That is not the point. It is a sin as far as Mother Church is concerned and that's the end to it. Now, Kitty, be honest with me -remember the Lord is listening to every word. Are you going to stop sleeping with Stochelo?

124 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOX KITTY`S SIDE. CONTINUOUS.

124

KITTY

I am not Father. I cannot lie to you. I want to marry the man but cannot drag him to the altar any more than you. Until then I will just have to carry on sinning.

FATHER JOSEPH

Well,I can't give you absolution then. The rules are pretty clear on that matter. You have to be sorry for your sins, which you are not,and you have to try to stop sinning - which you won't. It's a bloody mess, Kitty. Anyway, I'll see you at Duffy's later, when I'm off duty so to speak.

KITTY

Fair enough, Father. I'll see you later.

125 INT. CHURCH CONTINUOUS.

125

Father Joseph sits on a chair at the front of the altar. He pulls out his old briar pipe and fills it with tobacco.

FATHER JOSEPH

Hello Jesus, my old friend it's Joe here - well you know that, of course you do. I'm a bit stuck and need some

help in a matter. Stochelo and Kitty, what on earth's to be done? They are two good people and both want to get married but Stochelo won't because he feels he must not because he vowed he would get married again to his dying wife, but lied. Salitsa will be safe with you now. I wonder what she makes of all this? She would knock some sense into the Big Gypo's thick head and that's a fact.

JESUS (V.O.)

Joe, you know it's not easy for me to interfere. The world would be a crazy place if I went around fixing things with miracles all the time. Mankind has to sort things out for itself. Think on it, Joe, that ship that sank a while back, the one that hit an iceberg.

FATHER JOSEPH

The Titanic?

JESUS (V.O.)

That's the fella - well everyone was praying to be spared, but there were not enough lifeboats. How could anyone choose who to save, be it man or God? No Joe, it's best that I keep out of things. And it's not as if death is the end of the matter is it?

FATHER JOSEPH

Well, I suppose you're right. You usually are.

JESUS (V.O.)

Usually?

FATHER JOSEPH

Well sometimes I think you could help a bit more. Anyway, I'm off to Duffys. I'll be seeing you soon enough, I think. Perhaps everything will be clear then?

Kitty is walking. It is a sunny day.

NARRATOR

It was a few weeks after her confession with Father Joe; Spring was turning into Summer and Kitty decided to take a good long stroll to think on the matters to hand. She liked to walk and always felt better afterwards. She believed more optimistic conclusions were reached in the open air and conversely gloomy resolutions came from ill lit, stuffy rooms.

A young WOMAN, 30s, is ahead of Kitty. She walks slowly. Kitty calls out to the woman. The camera never sees the woman`s face and is either from behind or obscured by the sun.

KITTY

Hello there, a fine day! We're going the same way shall we walk together for a while?

The woman stops for Kitty to catch up.

WOMAN

That would be very nice. A bit of company is always good. But I'm not going anywhere, just taking the air, so I'll turn back in a short while.

KITTY

It's nice to meet you. I'm Kitty and live in the little house back yonder. You're not from these parts then?

WOMAN

No. It's a bit difficult to say where I'm from these days. I'm a bit of a wanderer - a free spirit I suppose.

KITTY

I thought you were a Traveller; your voice has an exotic sound to it. But I don't think you've walked far today. I notice that you are not wearing shoes.

The woman laughs.

WOMAN

Yes, I was born far away in the warm lands of the southern sun. But today

is lovely, perfect for a saunter. As for shoes, I like to feel the earth beneath my feet. Forgive me Kitty, but like many of my kind I have a sensitivity that tells me that you have much on your mind. I am but a passing soul; perhaps I can ease your worries a little?

KITTY

Oh, it's nothing really. I am in love with a man who is happy for me to be his wife in one way, but reluctant to get married. It is a common enough story. I'm not the first to have this problem, and as sure as God's in heaven, I won't be the last. He's a good man and I believe he loves me but... He was married before but there was a tragedy and she died. I know Salitsa was the love of his life but I don't mind.

The woman laughs, exasperated.

WOMAN

Gypsy men! They are both stubborn and stupid in these matters, so proud, strong and masculine, but inside their hearts flutter like frightened children.

KITTY

I don't think I mentioned that he was a Romani.

WOMAN

Did you not? No matter. This man of yours, you must not put up with his nonsense. If you wait for his fears to go you will wait forever. No, we must always protect the one we love and in this case you must protect him from himself. Kitty, to love again is not to take away the love of his first wife but to add to it. Now. I've walked enough and must go. Enjoy today in God's healing sunshine and tell your silly man he must marry you. Adieu.

The woman turns away from Kitty and walks away. Camera on Kitty watching her walk away but then the woman disappears into the sun.

127 EXT. DUFFY`S BAR. EARLY EVENING. SAME DAY.

127

Stochelo and Kitty are sat outside, both have a GUINNESS perched on the low wall, their glasses nearly empty.

KITTY

A strange thing happened today while I was out walking. I met a young woman walking along the road and we struck up a brief conversation, as you do.

STOCHELO

That does not sound so strange to me. In Ireland not talking to someone would be strange.

Kitty finishes her drink.

KITTY

That's true enough. But what made it different was that in no time flat I was talking about you. I never speak to anyone about our situation except Father Joe - and he's fed up to the back teeth with it. So, Stochelo, my dear love, I have something to say, good news or bad- it's up to you how you take it. I will have no more to do with you until we are married. You can take this as fact and like it or lump it. Would you like another drink while you're thinking it over?

STOCHELO

I would Kitty. I would like a large O'Connell's and a Guinness.

KITTY

Well, I'll pay and you go off to the bar to fetch them like the gentleman that you are.

Stochelo picks up the glasses.

STOCHELO

And how long do I have to make a decision?

KITTY

I suppose that depends upon how quickly you drink a large whiskey and a pint of Guinness.

STOCHELO

Before I go, tell me about this young woman that's got you so all fired up.

KITTY

Now there you have me. We only talked for a few minutes and I can hardly recall her at all. She was beautiful - I remember that. Oh, yes -she was not wearing shoes. She said she like to feel the earth under her feet. She said one more thing which stuck in my mind. We must always protect the one we love. And then she was off. I think she was a Gypsy - perhaps you know her.

Stochelo goes into the bar.

128 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

128

Stochelo goes to the bar.

STOCHELO

A large whiskey please Duffy.

Duffy pours the whiskey and hands it to Stochelo who downs it in one.

STOCHELO

Another please.

Duffy pours the whiskey and hands it to Stochelo who downs it in one.

DUFFY

Are you alright, Stochelo? You look a bit shaken and white. Are you coming down with something?

STOCHELO

Duffy, you might as well be the first to hear. I'm getting married.

DUFFY

Sure, that's grand. Does Kitty O`Shea

know?

129 INT. CHURCH. MORNING.

129

A troop of altar boys lead Father Joseph into the church. Underneath his vestment he wears an old black shirt and shiny serge trousers both rather scruffy. Ludmilla is playing the piano. The church is packed. Father Joseph stops at the front, takes his pipe out and fumbles in his pocket for matches. Mary-Ellen is sat in one of the front pews.

MARY-ELLEN

No Joe! Put it away.

FATHER JOSEPH

Why so Mary-Ellen, why so?

Camera on Mary-Ellen with a look that makes Father Joseph put away his pipe. Stochelo and Miquel stand facing Father Joseph at the altar gates. Stochelo is wearing an immaculate black suit and Miquel in the dress uniform of a Sergeant in the Royal Irish Foresters.

FATHER JOSEPH

My God, Stochelo, your boy has turned into a giant of a man! And you're no leprechaun yourself. It's good to see the pair of you, I'm glad you could make it. And doesn't the church look grand?

Stochelo and Miquel look at each other, confused. The camera pans down the aisle.

NARRATOR

The wildflowers and greenery at the end of the pews were made by the girls in Ludmilla Sentna's class. The boys had done their part cleaning and polishing. Every brass candlestick, pricket, censer or whatever sparkled. Eamonn McGarvey had been given the job of keeping lookout for the arrival of Kitty O'Shea. Ludmilla had coached him meticulously upon what to do.

130 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY. FLASHBACK.

130

Ludmilla is alone with Eamonn.

LUDMILLA
Are you listening to me Eamonn?

EAMONN
I am Miss.

LUDMILLA
Your dad will bring Kitty to the church in a pony and trap which will be decorated with flowers, white ribbons and the like. When they arrive outside the church you are to walk along the side aisle, making no fuss Eamonn, and let me know. I will be playing the piano. Do you understand?

EAMONN
I do Miss.

131 INT. CHURCH MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

131

Eamonn runs up the centre aisle, hobnailed boots racketing upon the stone. He is excited.

EAMONN
She's here. Miss! Kitty O'Shea is outside with my daddy. She's here, miss!

Camera on Ludmilla at the piano.

LUDMILLA
Close enough Eamonn I suppose, close enough.

Ludmilla begins playing an adapted version of Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

NARRATION
That Ludmilla could play even this simple variation was down to the skill of Robert Skinnider, undertaker and manufacturer of fine coffins. It transpired that he was also an excellent carver of wood. Ludmilla had approached him one evening with an unique request.

132 INT. UNDERTAKERS. DAY. FLASHBACK.

132

Ludmilla is talking to ROBERT SKINNIDER, 50s.

LUDMILLA

We do not know each other well Mister Skinnider but you may be aware that I am missing my right hand?

SKINNIDER

Well Miss Ludmilla, this is a small village and we are in Ireland. Word gets around - there is little that is not talked about. But unless you are planning to die in the near future or are organising a funeral for someone else, then I am somewhat perplexed...

LUDMILLA

I have heard that you are a wood carver of some note in addition to your funereal skills?

SKINNIDER

That is very kind but....

LUDMILLA

I would like you to make me a false hand of some strong but light wood, the thumb and little finger spread apart exactly one octave of the piano. Perhaps the middle finger could be carved hooked so that the fifth note of a chord could be played. It's just an idea.

Ludmilla and Skinnider talk (inaudible) as the camera pans out and the narrator speaks.

NARRATOR

Skinnider was an intelligent man who could play himself and immediately understood what was required. Within two weeks, after a little trial and error, Ludmilla had a new right hand with which she could tap simple melodies.

133 INT. CHURCH MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

133

The strains of the Wedding March ring out and Kitty, radiant in a simple veiled bridal dress, walks slowly to the altar accompanied by her cousin Joey McGarvey. She stands next to Stochelo who stares straight ahead. Father Joseph intervenes.

FATHER JOSEPH

Hello, friends, neighbours, husbands, wives, Jesus, children, in fact everyone. It's good that the church is being used for this happy occasion. There have been a few sad events lately, so give a thought, say a quick prayer for Vincenti Quito, the Lord Fitzherbert and his son Johnny all of whom have gone home. (Pause)

Camera on the congregation.

FATHER JOSEPH

But to brighter things! Thank God we have not robbers or vagabonds in the village as today there would be easy pickings. Every house except this one is empty. And Duffy and Josie are here I see - so the pub must be shut - a rare event! We are gathered here today to make sure that the Big Gypo and Kitty O'Shea get married. They are a grand couple are they not? Kitty, lift up that veil and let's get a good look at you now, beautiful woman that you are. I'd marry you myself were I not spoken for!

Kitty is bemused but lifts up her veil.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Stochelo, this is the woman whose face you will see over the breakfast table for maybe the next fifty years. So, my old son, you may as well get used to looking at her.

Stochelo turns to face Kitty who starts to cry.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Is she not beautiful Stochelo?

STOCHELO

She is that Father.

FATHER JOSEPH

Well, in a moment or two you can kiss her, although I've heard that you've jumped that particular gun. No matter! Now unless anyone has an objection, I

intend to rattle through this whole thing as quickly as possible so we can get to the pub.

134 CARD: ONE HOUR LATER

134

Stochelo and Kitty, arms entwined and happy, walk down the aisle to the strains of 'When Irish Eyes are Smiling', hammered out by Ludmilla. Father Joe begins to sing.

135 EXT. CHURCH. CONTINUOUS.

135

Stochelo and Kitty emerge from the church and some throw rice over them. They pose for photographs by Mr Skinnider who organises others for the wedding album. Then everyone marches up the hill to Duffy's Bar.

NARRATOR

You would be surprised at how little organisation is required for a wedding feast with the willing co-operation of Irish womanhood. The contribution of the menfolk tended to be to do as bid and keep out of the way.

136 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

136

In the barn at the side of Duffy's the tables are laden with forty steaming BOILED HOCKS and CABBAGE in the POTS. Enamelled bowls are filled with JACKET POTATOES, CORN ON THE COBS drizzle with butter, jugs of cabbage liquor and rounds of fresh baked SODA BREAD. To the other side are FRUIT PIES, CAKES and SWEET SUET PUDDINGS. Duffy brings out pints on trays from the bar.

Camera pulls slowly away and we see everyone tucking in to the food and drink. Fade out then fade in to night time.

A bonfire is burning and chairs and benches encircle it. The piano is resting on the milk step of Duffy's Bar. Ludmilla is sat at the piano, a glass of port on top. Ginny is tuning up her fiddle and JIMMY ROSENBERG, 20s, doing the same with his GUITAR. A waltz is played and Stochelo and Kitty dance around the bonfire. Camera on the guests watching them dance. The dance finishes and Stochelo kisses Kitty to loud cheers. Ginny plays her fiddle and people get up and jig. Ludmilla gives up her place at the piano to Mr Skinnider who plays. She goes and sits with Father Joseph who has Mary-Ellen on his other arm.

Ludmilla calls to Eamonn.

LUDMILLA

Eamonn McGarvey, come over here a moment.

Eamonn scampers up and is clasping a traditional IRISH DRUM.

LUDMILLA (CONT'D)

Can you play that thing?

EAMONN

I can, miss, I can play it well.

Eamonn averts his eyes and half turns away.

LUDMILLA

Well join in then! This is a ceilidh and you don't need to be asked.

EAMONN

I`m scared Miss.

LUDMILLA

There's nothing to be scared about. When I've had a rest, I'll have another bash. Will you join in with me?

EAMONN

I will miss.

LUDMILLA

It's a deal Eamonn, don't let me down. And in the meantime away to Duffy and fetch three whiskeys.

Eamonn runs off to the bar. Ludmilla leans across to Mary- Ellen.

LUDMILLA

This is a fantastic wedding Mary- Ellen. Tell me to mind my own business, but how come you never married?

MARY-ELLEN

Oh, there's nothing to tell really. It just didn't happen. I thought I was in love when I was a girl, but I wasn't. Just a silly child's infatuation. Then I did fall in love, when I was a nurse in the Crimea but... well, nothing

happened anyway.

FATHER JOSEPH

Was he not the right man? Did he not love you?

MARY-ELLEN

I don't believe I said it was a man, Joe.

FATHER JOSEPH (PERPLEXED)

What did she say Ludmilla? I don't get your meaning, Mary-Ellen.

LUDMILLA

Ease yourself, Father Joe. Mary-Ellen is just teasing you. Women's talk, that's all. How about you. Joe. Do you ever regret not being married?

FATHER JOSEPH (FORCEFULLY)

I have no idea what the pair of you are going on about. I think you've both had a bit too much. I have to say, Ludmilla, that your Ukrainian humour is not travelling well. What on earth do you mean not married?

LUDMILLA

Sorry, Joe, of course you're wedded to the Church. I didn't mean...

FATHER JOSEPH

The church be damned Ludmilla! What are you saying! It is not funny, drunk or not. We are married, of course we are. Do you not remember the grand wedding we had in Berlin and afterwards we danced the night away? And all the children?

Ludmilla is confused and alarmed.

LUDMILLA

What children, Joe? We never had children.

FATHER JOSEPH

Enough of this nonsense, Ludmilla. Enough!

Father Joseph is angry and wrings his hands in annoyance.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)

We had so many we had to build a
school did we not?

Father Joseph looks away. Mary-Ellen leans across him and whispers to Ludmilla.

MARY-ELLEN

Leave Father Joe to me. I think you
should go back to the piano. Don't
worry - I'll settle him down.

Ludmilla walks towards to bar and Eamonn sidles up to her and puts his hand in hers. Mr. Skinnider starts to get up but Ludmilla pulls up another stool.

LUDMILLA

You can play well enough, Mister
Skinnider, and these are simple tunes
-I'll take the left hand.

Eamonn starts off slowly beating his drum but then quicker and he laughs. Miquel, Frankie Andrews and SEAN CHARLES, three uniformed soldiers, clutch pints and come out to watch. Miquel sees how much Eamonn is enjoying himself. He turns to Frankie.

MIQUEL

Eamonn`s playing well.

FRANKIE

He sure is. I didn`t know he had it in
him.

Jimmy Rosenberg increases the tempo, his fingers fly over the strings of his guitar and Ginny on her fiddle laughs as she tries to keep up. Eamonn`s fingers fly across the drum and the jig comes to a mighty climax. There is wild applause. Miquel leads Eamonn away to the pub wall. They both sit down.

MIQUEL

That was some playing, Manny. I had no
idea.

EAMONN

I like to play Miquel. It sort of gets
me going inside and I feel better. I
feel like Eamonn McGarvey again.

Eamonn puts his face in his hands and begins to cry. Miquel puts his great arms around Eamonn's small shoulders.

MIQUEL

Don't cry, Manny. It's all right.
There, there.

EAMONN

I'm sorry Miquel, I let you down. I'm sorry.

MIQUEL

You never let me down at all, Manny. I don't understand. Why do you think you did?

EAMONN

The book, Miquel. We never finished Robinson Crusoe.

MIQUEL

No worries, Manny. I took the book away to war with me. I read it often and it came in very useful.

EAMONN

Did you finish it? Did you get to the very end?

MIQUEL

Yes Eamonn, in a manner of speaking I did.

EAMONN

It was a shame about Friday though, a terrible shame.

MIQUEL

Friday? You mean the savage out of the book?

EAMONN

Not at all Miquel. I mean me pig.

Stochelo and Kitty depart in a much-festooned pony and trap. The revellers cheer and offer marital advice.

137 INT. PONY AND TRAP NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

137

Stochelo is driving and Kitty is sat beside him, her arm in his. We hear an animal howl.

KITTY

What`s that?

STOCHELO

That sounds like a wolf but it cannot be, there are no wolves in Ireland.

KITTY

Must be a big dog then.

138 EXT. DUFFY`S BAR NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

138

Miquel, Sean and Frankie are sat round the dying embers of the bonfire. They are worse the wear from drink. They pass round a whiskey bottle and each take a drink from it. It ends up with Sean. Eamonn lays in front of the fire with them.

EAMONN

It`s horrible stuff, like nasty medicine.

MIQUEL

It`s medicine alright. Pass me the bottle.

Sean passes the bottle to Miquel and falls asleep.

MIQUEL (CONT`D)

Now I tell you Frankie, and I am right and will hear no contradiction, the worst thing about the war was the bugs. The bugs were terrible; bugs in your hair both top and bottom, bugs in your bed, bugs in your uniform. No Frankie, I will not hear otherwise: the worst thing about the war was most certainly the bugs. Amen to that.

FRANKIE

No Gypo, the worst thing about the war was the food. Good God Almighty. Four years of the same shite, day in day out and half the time we could not tell what it was. I tell you those boys in White Sheets that started roasting and eating the rats had the right idea, at least they were fresh and had some taste - so they say for I did not eat one.

MIQUEL

Well if you ate a rat Frankie, you're no friend of mine. You would be just the same as a cannibal in Robinson Crusoe for we all know the rats were fat eating the bodies of our pals. No friend of mine would eat a rat. Did you eat a rat Frankie? Truth now!

FRANKIE

I did not eat a rat, Gypo, I was just saying that a rat would taste better than the food we had.

MIQUEL

Well even that is bad news for ye, Frankie. Hey Manny! Get up now and score a line in the dust with your boot. Quickly now for I've waited a long time. My turn Frankie. Toe the line.

FRANKIE

What are you going on about you drunken eejit?

MIQUEL

I may well be drunk but it's still my go. The fight at school was never finished and sure it's my turn now. Toe the line Frankie and I will knock you to Kingdom come, you rat-eating gob-shite.

Eamonn gets up and faces Miquel.

EAMONN

Miquel, I will not draw the line for it would not be justice. Miss Sentna said it's not treating people the same what matters but doing what is fair and it's not fair for you to hit Frankie. In any case you already had your turn.

MIQUEL

Manny, what you saying boy! I never hit Frankie, except once in Egypt when we were in a bar fight and he got in my way. Do you remember that, Frankie?

FRANKIE

I do, Gypo, and it was my fault - but
Manny does not know of that.

Frankie turns to Eamonn.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Explain yourself, Manny, when did
Miquel have his turn?

EAMONN

At the fight. He hit you on the cheek
as he pushed through the bunch. I was
there and I saw it. One hit each was
the rule and you both had one hit.

MIQUEL

Well, I can remember no such thing, can
you Frankie?

FRANKIE

I cannot, Gypo, it was a good few years
ago mind.

EAMONN

Well, I can remember and I was clever
then. One hit each was the rule and
you had one hit each. So, I will not
draw the line.

Frankie rests his arm around Eamonn's shoulder and Miquel his
arm around Frankie's.

MIQUEL

You're still pretty clever Eamonn.

Frankie nods and they wander off into the night.

PATSY BRENNAN GIVES UP THE BOOZE

139 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

139

Camera focusses on the front door.

NARRATOR

It would be wrong of me to give the
impression that Coolshannagh was the

gateway to heaven, the sort of place visited by saints on their holidays or days off from halo polishing or whatever else they do up there. Heaven must be a little tedious, full of good people as it is. No, Coolshannagh was, on the whole, decent enough but it did have its moments and fair share of sinners. Take Duffy for example.

The door opens and the camera moves into the bar.

140 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

140

Duffy wipes down the bar, the pump, and cleans glasses. He is dressed in black trousers, white shirt and black waistcoat, adorned with a silver watch and chain with a matchbox fob. Camera focusses on Duffy whilst the narration is in progress.

NARRATOR

Everyone agreed that he was a stand up fella. His beer was kept well and never watered down. The slops were thrown away and not put back in the barrels which was common enough elsewhere. He was always well turned out in black trousers, white shirt and black waistcoat, with a silver watch and chain with a matchbox fob. The watch didn't work but was always consulted at closing time and his customers respected its authority. On the other hand, he did run a bar and as a publican he sold beer, wines and all manner of spirits which will come as no surprise as this purpose was advertised, painted on the pub's whitewalls and on a sign above the door. A few pints does no-one any harm and may indeed do some good. But there are those for whom one drink is too many and ten not enough. Duffy was not much of a drinker himself and did not encourage drunkenness, but it was not his job to tell a grown man when they had had enough. Providing there was no trouble Duffy would keep serving as long as his customers kept paying. He did have a Christian name which was completely wasted as it was never

used, even by his wife. Duffy was only ever Duffy.

Camera fades to black then back to see...

141 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. EVENING.

141

The bar is crowded with drinkers. On a spirit stove in the bar there is a big pot of STEW. Josie stirs it. There is a basket of BREAD ROLLS and CROCKS nearby.

NARRATOR

Duffy`s wife Josie was never mentioned without the words lovely woman added. A conversation might go, I met Josie Duffy, coming home from mass, lovely woman that she is or Josie Duffy, lovely woman, said to me... that sort of thing. Every evening the drinkers in the bar would find a great pan of steaming stew that she had made, simmering on a spirit stove. This succulent meal would be thick with vegetables and pearl barley fortified with trimmings from the meat sold at the front of the pub. A basket of soda bread and crock bowls rested nearby and customers were free to help themselves. There was no charge.

JOSIE (V.O.)

Sure, we can't have those men drinking our beer on an empty stomach after a hard day in the fields or cutting peat. They pay for the beer that's good enough.

NARRATOR

Her steak pie was different, full of prime beef flavoured with onions and cracked pepper. That cost six pence but was more than worth it. She was a solid, handsome woman and she and Duffy made a fine couple who did not worry too much. Occasionally, they would leave the bar early to climb the stairs with the injunction, serve yourselves and put the money in the till. Last man out, lock the door and post the key.

Camera fades to black then fades in to Stochelo.

142 GYPSY ENCAMPMENT. COOLSHANNAGH. DAY.

142

Stochelo is taking to one the other Gypsies.

NARRATOR

Stochelo, known as the big Gypo, which was not an insulting term, was the chief of the clan. Only six feet in height, a measure easily passed by his son Miquel by the age of fourteen, the joke was that he could only go through a door sideways. Since the death of his beloved wife he had turned quiet and even mournful -his life was touched by this sadness which he was reluctant to let go in case memories of Salitsa departed also. He was eased out of his self-imposed desolation by three women: Ludmilla Sentna, the village headmistress, who taught his son Miquel to read and became a friend; Kitty O`Shea who became his life companion when he understood he could love again; and young Ginny Brennan who had so much vitality that her presence dispelled gloom and misery. Now there were two Patsy Brennans and both were Ginny`s father.

143 COOLSHANNAGH DAY

143

PATSY BRENNAN, LATES 40s, crawls on his hands and knees, his trousers rolled up and his knees bloody. He has some Rosary beads in his hand. We see the church ahead of him. Patsy is followed by a crowd. SEAN FAGAN shouts out.

FAGAN

I`ll give you two-to-one he turns left to Duffy`s.

Ribald laughter. MICHAEL FLAHERTY shouts out.

FLAHERTY

Come on Patsy. I`ll buy you a pint if you make the church.

144 INT. CHURCH. CONTINUOUS.

144

Patsy crawls up the aisle to where Father Joseph is standing.

PATSY

I'm here to sign the pledge Father, to swear before yourself and almighty God that not another drop will pass my lips.

FATHER JOSEPH

This is not the first time Patsy, nor indeed the second.

PATSY

I am aware, Father, but this time, this time I will steer clear of the booze. Of that I'm sure. Have I not just done a mighty penance?

FATHER JOSEPH

Well you've walked here on your knees, fair enough, but penance normally comes after confession and like as not I'd have given you just a few decades of the Rosary.

PATSY

I did those as well Father, while I was on my knees.

FATHER JOSEPH

But Patsy, you know that's not quite the way the sacrament works. You make confession and I give out penance, that's the tradition of it. Nevertheless, I admire your effort. I'll hear your confession and then you can sign the pledge. For penance you can scrub the bloody snail trail you've made up the aisle. It's a blasted mess.

145 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR. EARLY EVENING.

145

Patsy is wearing white overalls and a cloth cap. His overalls are splattered with paint. He smokes a cigarette and walks past the bar, looking straight ahead. He walks round a bend.

NARRATOR

Patsy had not weakened to the pleasures of alcohol for many a month, the longest time he had ever been off the beer. He tried not to think on this, afraid that fate would be

tempted. He knew that he and wife Aggie were getting on better and that he could face Ginny, his beloved strong,fiery daughter without feeling ashamed, a valuable reward for sobriety.

Patsy looks up to see a man, 60s, dressed in finery and a silk hat standing there. His accent is very British. He holds an unlit cigar in one hand and a silver topped cane in the other.

MAN

What Ho! Good fellow, please forgive this unwarranted intrusion. I am unhappy to do it, to make demands, but I see you are a smoker and I am without an allumette, a vesta or otherwise a light for this fine cheroot.

PATSY

Why sure.

Patsy gets out some matches from the top pocket of his overalls and hands them to the man.

MAN

A boon, a munificence! I find it deleterious to my health if I venture too long without smoking. I notice your cigarette is diminished. I have a fulsome supply of these excellent products of the Caribbean. May I repay you with a cigar?

PATSY

Sir,you cannot, I find them harsh on my chest. Anyway, it was but a match. Think nothing of it.

Patsy starts to walk away.

MAN

Ah,there we differ! I find the smoke an easement, a balm to my lungs. Sirrah, I perceive that you wish to press on, perhaps to a delightful wife. I am sadly without such, but as a visitor to this fine village and needing refreshment, I am lost as

where to go. A hostelry, a bar where the drink is good and food of first quality - do you know of such a place?

PATSY

Well Duffy's, just round the corner is such a place, the only place in fact. No better Guinness outside Dublin, which is the same as saying in the world. Duffy's wife cooks good food, plain and simple but excellent; the steak pie is the best in the land.

MAN

My salvation! I shall repair to it on your undoubted knowledgeable and excellent recommendation. Can I not persuade you to join me? I am without friendship and yearn for a dining companion! But no, I press too hard! To your family you must return. It is known far and wide that the Irish wife is the formidable mistress of the house! You would be fearful of crossing her no doubt? I understand and again thanks I give for the light!

The man spins on his heel and waves as he walks towards Duffy`s.

PATSY

Wait! I'll join you for a quick one. One only mind!

MAN

Of course! Just a quick one.

PATSY

The new back bar is the best I think.

MAN

Your recommendation has the weight of command to me. Proceed.

Patsy and the man walk towards Duffy`s.

146 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

146

Patsy opens the door and the man follows him. Drinkers call out to him.

DRINKER 1

Hello there Patsy. Aggie let you off the leash?

DRINKER 2

Long time, no see Patsy. Remember, you owe me a pint.

DRINKER 3

Don't serve him, Duffy. The man's a troublemaker. Send him packing.

PATSY (TO MAN)

Sit yourself down, take your hat off and make yourself comfortable. I'll get the drinks. What's your poison?

MAN

But no, Patsy your friends have so introduced you by name. You are my guest, I insist! Oh yes, my name is Harry. Oft called by associates 'Old Harry' - an appellation I do not value. I am youthful am I not! I have vigour! As for my hat I will leave it, I suffer untowardly with the cold.

PATSY

Well, I'll just have the one pint of Guinness and then I will have to be going.

HARRY goes to the bar. Patsy sits down.

HARRY

Sir, Mister Duffy? I am a visitor to your charming hostelry and am well aware that it is not customary in this land to be served at table. But I have an infirmity of the leg which renders walking, upping and downing, awkward and painful. May I pay you for such a service? Five pounds? Eh? What? Not an inconsiderable sum.

DUFFY

You want to pay me five pounds to bring drinks to you? Are you stringing me along, having a laugh at me?

HARRY

I am not, here is the money. I am an unworthy soul, with so many inadequacies but fortune has been kind to me, and money is but a trifle.

DUFFY

Is it the gout?

HARRY

Why yes, that could be it! The gout, it could indeed be! Here, take ten pounds. Five pounds for the consideration you are to give and five pounds for any drink or comestibles we may consume. I will not be requiring change.

DUFFY

Well OK, it's your money. But the maddest thing that has happened to me this side of Christmas. What do you want?

HARRY

Perforce two large whiskeys and two of Guinness and two sizeable portions of your renowned steak pie. But I beg no tardiness, indulge me in this foible.

DUFFY

Fair enough, sit with Patsy. You'll not wait, you'll be first in any queue!

Harry sits back down and the GUINNESS and WHISKEYS are put on the table by Duffy. Harry picks up a whiskey and passes it to Patsy then picks up his own.

HARRY

Down the hatch.

Patsy and Harry down their drinks. Camera fades out to dark then back in to the table to see three empty glasses of Guinness and whiskey on the table. Patsy is slurring his words and he has difficulty in focussing on Harry. They are eating their steak pies.

HARRY

You were saying how you left the army, dear boy. Was there a tragedy? A small

whiskey to guide your thoughts.

Harry motions to Duffy who brings a BOTTLE of WHISKEY and leaves it on the table. Patsy takes a drink.

PATSY (SLURRING)

Stepped out with Aggie for few weeks so to speak. She was willing right enough. Oh yes Harry, no urging needed if you follow my drift. An' she caught straight 'way, straight 'way.

HARRY

Another drink! My poor man! The way of women world-wide. You were seduced, entrapped by her schemes and bound to her by your honour. My heart aches for you. The calumny!

PATSY (SLURRING)

Me time was nearly up. Left the army of course. Aggie's a good woman mind but....

HARRY

Denies you freedom? Resents you a glass of wholesome ale, richly deserved after long toil to earn the family's daily bread?

147 INT. BRENNAN COTTAGE. LATE SAME EVENING.

147

Ginny enters and sees her mother AGGIE, 40s, sat on the stairs. Two young boys are sitting on the top stairs by the bannister.

AGGIE (WORRIED)

Your Dad hasn't come home from work yet. Perhaps something has happened.

GINNY

Something's bloody well happened alright; he's getting blind drunk at Duffy's.

AGGIE

Ginny, Ginny mind your language.

GINNY

My language is the least of your worries.

AGGIE

Please Ginny, please! Can you go and look for him, fetch him home? I'm out of my mind with worry.

GINNY

You're out of your mind that's for sure, for putting up with the merry dance he leads you.

Ginny turns and walks out of the door in a rage.

148 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

148

Ginny grips the handle and pauses. She takes a deep breath and enters.

149 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

149

The bar is full of drinkers. Ginny enters and sees her father slumped unconscious over a table. WILLY McDERMOTT calls out.

MCDERMOTT

You shouldn't be in here Ginny
Brennan, Gents only.

Ribald laughter.

GINNY

I see no gentlemen here, Willy
McDermott, just a lowly gang of
pathetic sots!

MCDERMOTT

Would you like a kiss Ginny?

McDermott leers drunkenly at Ginny.

GINNY

And would you like my hatpin through
your eye! Move close to me, anyone of
yez and that's what you'll get!

Ginny points to Patsy.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Two of you, any two of you, stand that
piece of shite up and get him outside.
Do it now or I'll have Stochelo down
here with twenty hard Gypsy men and
there's not one of ye will go home

without lumps. Do it now.

DRINKER

There's no need to be like that,
Ginny, no need.

GINNY

There's every need! And you,
McDermott! You will lose sleep when
the Big Gypo hears of your words to
me. He will not be pleased. You worry
McDermott, for you have much to
concern you this night.

Two drinkers lift Patsy up, put their arms round his
shoulders and carry him outside.

150 EXT. DUFFY'S. CONTINUOUS.

150

GINNY

I will be obliged now if you fellas
will walk him until he gets his legs.
I'll take him when he does.

DRINKER

Sure, it's no trouble, Miss Ginny. We
get him back for you. It's no trouble
you being a wee girl and all.

GINNY

Wee girl, you say? Wee girl? Those are
strange words to come from the mouth
of any arse-wipe of a drunk. What fine
specimens you are. No wonder the
English think they are superior and
the Irish are apes. Say no more 'til
you get him to the corner. I have no
breath to waste.

The men carry Patsy to about fifty yards before Ginny's house
and Patsy begins to stir. Ginny points to a tree.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Prop him against that tree.

The men stand him against a tree and make a sharp exit.

PATSY (SLURRING)

Juzz a quick `un.

Patsy's head drops onto his chest. Ginny looks at him then

slaps him across the cheek. Patsy stirs, Ginny puts an arm round his shoulder and gets him to the front door.

151 EXT. BRENNAN COTTAGE. CONTINUOUS.

151

She leans him back against the wall while she rummages in her skirts for the LATCHKEY. Patsy slides downwards and is bent over. The door opens and Ginny bends over to try to raise him. Patsy is violently sick. His vomit goes down his overalls and onto Ginny's boots. Patsy then wets himself. Ginny looks on in disgust. Aggie comes to the door and freezes. Ginny draws her foot back and kicks Patsy.

GINNY

That's for the shame and torment you
put my mother through...

Ginny kicks again.

GINNY (CONT'D)

And that's for the boys who deserve a
better father...

Ginny kicks again.

GINNY (CONT'D)

And that's for being sick, you
bastard, on my best boots...

Ginny kicks again.

GINNY (CONT'D)

And that's for being such a pathetic
disgrace of an Irishman. (To Aggie)
Get a pail of cold water and a rag
Mother.

Camera on the comatose Patsy. Aggie brings the PAIL of water and Ginny snatches it from her. She throws it over Patsy and wipes her boots with the RAG. Aggie and Ginny enter the house and leave the door ajar. Camera on Patsy slowly coming to his senses and crawling towards the door.

NARRATOR

Patsy managed to get upstairs to bed
and slept until morning. At daybreak
he removed his urine-wet clothing, and
flung his trousers, shirt and
underwear on to the landing. He
returned to bed where he stayed, the
day being Sunday.

152 INT. BRENNAN COTTAGE. KITCHEN. NEXT DAY.

152

Aggie holds the urine and vomit soaked clothing away from her with a pair of WOODEN LAUNDRY TONGS. She walks to the WASH HOUSE COPPER and neighbours look and tut.

153 CARD: 6PM

153

Patsy, clean shaven, washed and dressed in his Sunday best walks past Aggie who looks at him but says nothing. Patsy walks out of the front door.

154 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

154

Duffy is behind the bar, there a few drinkers present and Patsy enters.

DUFFY

Good evening Patsy is it the hair of the dog you're after?

PATSY

It is not. Did I leave my work bag with brushes and the like here?

DUFFY

You did too. And like the good friend that I am, I have them here behind the bar.

PATSY

Thanks, Duffy, but it's a good friend you are to my money I'm thinking.

DUFFY

Well you did spend a fair few bob last night, 'tis true.

PATSY

I spent nothing last night as you well know, the quare fellow I was with paid.

DUFFY

Away with you, Patsy. You were on your own all night and shunned company.

PATSY

For God's sake, Duffy, don't be geeing me up. I was with the strange one with the top hat. He spoke like an English

toff.

DUFFY

Patsy, you were on your own all night.
The drink's got to you boy. Be
careful, Patsy, if that's the road
you're travelling. I hear the beds in
the madhouse are fearful hard!

Patsy stares at Duffy.

PATSY

Give me a bottle of Hunting Johnnie to
take with me and don't be charging me
bar prices, Duffy.

Duffy bends down behind the bar and hands Patsy a bottle of
WHISKEY.

DUFFY

You can have it at cost, Patsy, as I
said you spent enough last night.

Patsy exits the bar.

155 EXT. DUFFY'S BAR. EARLY EVENING CONTINUOUS.

155

Patsy walks towards his house muttering to himself. He has a
confused look on his face.

PATSY

Duffy must be taking a rise out of me;
sure, I had no money to spend. I took
none to work with me to keep me on the
straight and narrow.

156 INT. BRENNAN COTTAGE. EARLY EVENING. CONTINUOUS.

156

Patsy enters. Aggie is standing at the end of the passage
with her arms folded. She glares at him. Camera follows Patsy
as he edges past her into the living room. Aggie follows him.
Patsy places the bottle of whiskey centrally on the high
stone mantelpiece and turns it until the red label and the
Hunting Johnnie motif are exactly forward facing.

PATSY

Aggie, I'll not be parading to church
on my knees now or ever again. But
that bottle will stay there until the
day I die. I will never touch another
drop.

157 INT. FATHER JOSEPH`S BEDROOM. PRE DAWN. 157

Father Joseph gets out of bed and puts his hands between his legs. He breathes a sigh of relief. The camera follows him as he carefully makes his way down the stone steps to the kitchen.

158 INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS. 158

A COPPER KETTLE simmers on the cast-iron hob. Father Joseph pours the water from the kettle into the TEAPOT, swills it around then pours the water into the Belfast sink. He has a sudden urge and urinates in the sink. He throws a handful of tea leaves into the pot and a handful of sugar, pours water on it and then looks around the kitchen. He fills two MUGS with tea and walks up the stairs with one mug. .

159 INT. FATHER JOSEPH`S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS. 159

Ludmilla is fully clothed, her shoes on her feet and she is asleep. Father Joseph places the drink on the bedside table, bends over Ludmilla and gently kisses her head. Ludmilla wakes up with a start.

LUDMILLA

Oh my God!

FATHER JOSEPH

Good morning, Ludmilla my love. I'm just off down the path to church. It must be nearly time for early mass.

160 EXT. BISHOP`S PALACE. DUBLIN. DAY 160

Lumilla is stood at the door.

NARRATOR

Ludmilla had made her way to Dublin to meet with Bishop O'Flaherty, a meeting prompted by an earlier conversation she had had with Mary-Ellen in the back room of Duffy's Bar.

161 INT. DUFFY`S BAR. BACK ROOM. SAME DAY. FLASHBACK. 161

Ludmilla and Mary-Ellen are talking.

LUDMILLA

We both know, sure everyone in the village knows, that Father Joe is not the man he was. Half of the time he

doesn't know what day it is, he rambles through mass, making things up as he goes along, and he is convinced that I am his wife, which although I love the man, I most certainly am not!

MARY-ELLEN

Old age comes to us all, Ludmilla, but with some the body goes first and with others it's the mind. I've got ten years on Father Joe and thank God my faculties are intact - at least I think they are.

LUDMILLA

You are still as sharp as a tack Mary- Ellen but something has to be done about Father Joe. At the moment people have sympathy for the man but that won't last. I couldn't bear it if he became a laughing stock. I saw some of the children in my school holding their noses as he walked by, with reason. My God, he does stink sometimes. I do my best to keep him clean and make him change his clothes if he wets himself. I tell you Mary- Ellen that can be an almighty struggle. I've never met a gentler man than Joe, but he can lash out. He doesn't mean to but...

Ludmilla stops to wipe away her tears.

MARY-ELLEN

Don't test yourself, Ludmilla. Joe would prefer to die than hurt you but his mind is going and he doesn't know what he's doing.

LUDMILLA

True enough, but I know one thing and that is Joe can no longer be the village priest. It's not fair on Joe and it's not fair on Coolshannagh.

162 INT. BISHOP`S PALACE. DAY.

162

STEPHEN O`FLAHERTY, 50s, is sat behind his desk. He is short and fat. He is busy working.

NARRATOR

The Bishop's cellar was the best in Dublin and the red wines of south-west France his only true passion. He liked everything about being a bishop with the possible exception of the implied piety that accompanied the position. He enjoyed most of the sins of the flesh but was mercifully sexually inactive. He knew Ludmilla Sentna through her job as Headmistress of the small Coolshannagh school and was aware of her excellence in that role.

Ludmilla is shown into the the opulent room by the Bishop's SECRETARY. The Bishop stands up and moves from behind his desk.

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY

Ludmilla! How good to see you. I am aware of your difficulty, my secretary with whom you spoke is a bloody good woman. I should pay her more - but don't spread that around!

The Bishop laughs and Ludmilla smiles politely.

LUDMILLA

And it's good to see you also, Your Grace.

The Bishop offers his ringed hand and Ludmilla kisses it.

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY

Shall we talk over a glass of wine, any excuse I say! Any excuse! I have a thirty-year-old St Emilion Grand Cru which is begging to be drunk. Now, I've been naughty, I've already had it decanted.

The Bishop pours from the DECANTER into TWO CRYSTAL GLASSES and motions Ludmilla to sit.

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY (CONT'D)

What to do about Father Joseph Fitzgerald eh? There is a home for old priests who for one reason or another need looking after. Most are like Joe - gone soft in the head. I tell you Ludmilla, a pretty grim hole. Run by

nuns - I visited once and couldn't get away quick enough. Good God the smell of the place, a bit like boiled cabbage only worse. I suppose I could send him abroad? Somewhere in Africa where it wouldn't matter.

LUDMILLA (FORCEFULLY)

Your Grace, I was rather hoping for something better. Father Joe is a wonderful man and has given his life to Coolshannagh. He deserves a bit of comfort in his old age!

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY

I understand that, Ludmilla, but an old priest is a bit like an old greyhound or racehorse - not much use and expensive to keep. The other option is to relieve him of his priestly duties and let family or friends look after him. Has he got any family?

LUDMILLA

I'm pretty sure he has not.

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY

Friends then? Otherwise it's off to the nuns! But on the brighter side, I've got a replacement for him straight away. A fine young fellow, a padre in the war no less. Got a gong for doing something dangerous or courageous - both sound a bit stupid to me. But he's a grand chap. He would be the ideal priest for Coolshannagh! Daniel O'Connell is the fellow; the old man owned the whiskey business. I hear that Daniel does like a drop of the stuff himself, no harm in that - most priests do. More of a wine man myself. Drink up!

Camera pans away slowly as the Bishop replenishes the glasses.

163 EXT. CHURCH. DAY.

163

Father Joseph walks from his house to the church down the path. He wears his slippers and limps. He opens the door to

the church.

164 INT. CHURCH. CONTINUOUS.

164

Father Joseph limps up to the font and has a quick wash. He dries his hands by running them through his hair. He walks to a stone and kneels before it. Camera sees a faint carving of a woman. A voice is heard. It is Jesus.

JESUS (V.O.)

Hello Joe. What are you looking at?

Father Joseph turns his head sideways and looks upwards.

FATHER JOSEPH

Oh,hello Jesus. Good to see you, glad you called in. Oh, it's nothing really. But in a certain light I can see a carving in this stone -I thought it might be of your Mother.

Jesus appears, dressed in white vestments. He kneels next to Father Joseph.

JESUS

Move over, Joe, let me have a squint.

Father Joseph moves to the side and Jesus peers at the stone and runs his hand over the carving.

JESUS (CONT'D)

You know Joe - I think you're right. There is a carving here, very faint mind. I don't think it is of Our Lady though. More likely to be Roman I should say.

FATHER JOSEPH

Well,why would there be a Roman carving at the back of my church? The place is old but not that old. Are you sure it's not of Our Lady,perhaps put there in some miraculous way?

Jesus helps Father Joseph to his feet.

JESUS

Joe,I've mentioned to you before about miracles and the like. Trust me that old stone was carved by some fellow a few thousand years ago for a Roman

temple and when that temple collapsed
the stones were used again here. No
miracles, Joe.

Father Joseph scratches his head.

FATHER JOSEPH

Well you learn something new every
day. Not you, Jesus. I don't mean you,
being God and all...

JESUS

You'd be surprised, Joe; you don't
know the half of it.

Father Joseph and Jesus walk around the church together.
Every now and then Father Joseph stops as if something has
caught his eye or triggered a memory. He rubs the carved
woodwork of the confessional box.

FATHER JOSEPH

I'm glad that Stochelo and Kitty got
married. That was a grand wedding was
it not?

JESUS

It most certainly was. I had a great
time.

FATHER JOSEPH

If you don't mind me saying, it's well
known that you like a wedding. I think
you might have had a hand in getting
Stochelo and Kitty together.

JESUS

Away with you now, Joseph! You know my
lips are sealed on the matter.

Jesus puts his arm around Father Joseph and walks with him up
the short nave to Father Joseph's chair in front of the
altar.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Take the weight off your feet, Joe.
Why not light your pipe?

FATHER JOSEPH

You don't mind?

JESUS

You know full well I don't. I want to talk with you on an important matter. There is no doubt that you're getting on. Joe, you deserve to lay down your burdens and have a well-earned rest. You've built a school and a church.

Father Joseph lights his pipe.

FATHER JOSEPH

It's good of you to say but you know as well as I do that the church has been in Coolshannagh a good long while. I take a bit of credit for the school but most of the praise there should be for Ludmilla.

JESUS

Don't worry Joe. Ludmilla has not, and will not, be forgotten. As for the church, a stone building was in the village but your effort and love turned it into a church, my church in fact. But you've done your stint Joe; it's time for you to retire. You will leave the village of Coolshannagh in better shape than when I brought you here, and I have just the priest in mind to carry on where you leave off. What do you say, Joe?

FATHER JOSEPH

I don't know, Jesus. I have no idea what I would do with my time. I spend enough of it at Duffy's as it is. I would not know what to do.

JESUS

What would you like to do, Joe. Is there anything you love doing?

FATHER JOSEPH

Jesus, my friend, you are just teasing me now. You know full well my thoughts. So, I might as well play along as there is no fooling you anyway. Yes, I would like to learn to dance, I would enjoy that. But this blasted foot and the arthritis and the old age makes it an unlikely pastime.

JESUS

Joseph- how well do you know your bible?

Father Joseph puffs on his pipe and looks thoughtful.

FATHER JOSEPH

Well I know it pretty well, not as well as yourself I expect. A lot of it is pretty dry stuff.

JESUS

Do you remember Ecclesiastes Chapter Three?

FATHER JOSEPH

I do indeed. To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born and a time to die: a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted...

Jesus puts his hand on Father Joseph's shoulder and he rests his cheek on his Jesus's hand.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)

A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance...

JESUS

Joe, don't worry my old friend - it's time for you to dance.

165 INT. FATHER JOSEPH'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

165

Father Joseph is tucked up in bed.

NARRATOR

Ludmilla had got into the routine of calling in to check on Father Joe each night. This developed from a simple five-minute courtesy into a parental ritual. She made him a light supper as there was ample reason to assume that the priest was not looking after himself. Getting Joe to put on pyjamas or a night-shirt was, in the end, a struggle not worth having. Instead she reminded him to go to the toilet and let him get into bed as he wished. She

has, on occasions after a night at Duffy`s, stayed with him to ensure he was alright.

Ludmilla enters. She has her SCHOOL BASKET with a BOOK in it.

FATHER JOSEPH

That looks a fantastic book Ludmilla. The man with the eye-patch and the crutch on the cover looks a rare villain. What is the book called?

LUDMILLA

Treasure Island. It's a new book to read with the children at school. It is truly an exciting tale about pirates. Do you want me to leave it?

FATHER JOSEPH

Well, I would not be able to read it; my glasses seem not to work anymore and the words are a mess. I would like to know more about these pirates - they sound a fearsome bunch. Perhaps you might read a page?

LUDMILLA

I will Joe, but just one page. It's late and I have work to do for school tomorrow. She turned up the wick on the beside lamp. It's 1919, Joe. It's about time you had electric light. Anyway, here goes...

Ludmilla lifts her feet on to the bed and starts reading.

LUDMILLA

Squire Trelawney, Dr Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen have asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island...

Camera fades gradually out to dark then back to light. Ludmilla wakes up and looks to see that Father Joseph is not there.

LUDMILLA

Oh my God!

Ludmilla recovers Treasure Island from where it had fallen through the rails of Joe's brass headboard.

LUDMILLA (CONT'D)

Joe thinks we're married already and
me falling asleep beside him won't
help at all. Bloody hell!

Ludmilla puts on her COAT and takes the CANDLE with her as
she walks out of the bedroom.

166 INT. CHURCH. EARLY MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

166

Several candles are burning. Father Joseph is sat a few yards
from the altar. His head is on his chest and his pipe is on
the floor. Ludmilla walks up to him and shakes him gently by
the shoulder and then again with more vigour.

LUDMILLA

Come on Joe. Mass isn't for a few
hours. Come on Joe, wake up!

167 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

167

Camera focusses on the TELEPHONE which is in between the
front and back bar. Ludmilla is using the phone.

NARRATOR

I suppose that by 1919 the village of
Coolshannagh should have boasted more
than one telephone but it did not. It
may or may not surprise you to learn
that the location of this instrument
was in the passageway between the
front and back bars of Duffy's pub.
Duffy himself was very pleased with
it. As telephone communication proved
not to be a passing fad, more and more
people used it and often had a drink
while they did. The telephone was good
for business.

168 INT. BISHOP'S PALACE. CONTINUOUS.

168

The Bishop is on the phone. He is dressed in nightwear.

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY

Good morning, Ludmilla, and may I say
what a God-awful time in the morning
to be calling. I know I said I would
always be pleased to hear from you -
but within reason for Christ's sake. I
haven't even had a cup of tea let
alone my breakfast. What can I do for

you and be sharp?

LUDMILLA (V.O.)
I'm sorry Your Grace, but I thought I
should let you know straightaway...
(voice falters)

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY
Hello! Hello! Are you still there?
Speak up woman, speak up! Let me know
what?

LUDMILLA (V.O.)
Father Joe is dead Your Grace. I've
just found him in the church.

Pause.

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY
Well that is good news is it not?
Solves the problem of what to do with
him. And what a great place for Joe to
die. He could not have chosen a better
spot. (Pause) He didn't kill himself
did he? That would be a mess!

169 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

169

Ludmilla is on the phone.

LUDMILLA
No, he did not. He passed away
peacefully sitting in front of the
altar.

170 INT. BISHOP'S PALACE. CONTINUOUS.

170

Bishop O'Flaherty is on the phone to Ludmilla.

BISHOP O'FLAHERTY (CHEERFULLY)
Well this gets better and better.
Couldn't have picked a more convenient
place. Good for Joe I say. All very
religious, the sort of stuff people
like to hear about. I'll pack off his
replacement straight away. Well done
Ludmilla. Well done I say!

171 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. CONTINUOUS.

171

Ludmilla replaces the receiver and exits.

172 EXT. CHURCH DAY. 172

A sign reads CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

173 EXT. SCHOOL DAY. 173

A sign reads CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

174 EXT. COOLSHANNAGH STATION. NEXT DAY. 174

FATHER DANIEL O`CONNELL (30s) alights from the train carrying a HEAVY LEATHER SUITCASE. Ludmilla approaches him and holds out her left hand. Father O`Connell gives a quizzical look but shakes her hand.

LUDMILLA
Father O`Connell?

FATHER O`CONNELL
Yes that`s me.

LUDMILLA
I`m Ludmilla Sentna.

They walk along the station platform to the exit.

LUDMILLA (CONT`D)
I have a pony and trap; motor cars have not caught on here. I`m to take you to Father Joe`s - I mean the Church House. I`m afraid it`s very untidy, dirty even. Joe was not much of a one for cleaning. I don`t know quite what to do with his stuff, most of it is junk anyway.

FATHER O`CONNELL
Sure,there is no rush. Things will get done in their own time. The first item on my mind is to have a Requiem Mass and a burial for Father Joseph. I assume he was well liked in the village?

LUDMILLA
I suppose he was. I`ve not given it much thought. Father Joe was - well, he was Father Joe. That`s all I can say on the matter. Anyway,Skinnider the undertaker, has laid him out more or less where he died, in front of the

altar. I have to say he looks very well. Skinnider has him in the correct vestments and the coffin is open. I'll introduce you if you like.

FATHER O'CONNELL

Who to? Father Joe or the undertaker?

LUDMILLA (CUTTING)

Father Joe is the dead man in a box in the church - I'll leave you to figure it out.

FATHER O'CONNELL

Miss Sentna, forgive me. I'm making a bit of a hash of things. I am not trying to make light, but I am very nervous. I think taking over after Father Joe will be difficult.

LUDMILLA

It will not be difficult - it will be impossible. You'll have to make your own mark, Father Daniel.

Ludmilla and Father O'Connell get into the pony and trap and it moves off towards the village.

175 EXT. CHURCH DAY. CONTINUOUS.

175

The pony and trap pulls up outside and Father O'Connell gazes at the church.

LUDMILLA

Here we are then. Forgive me, I won't come in. O'Shaughnessy the carter will drop in a new mattress.

FATHER O'CONNELL

Thank you, but you need not have bothered.

A quick shot of a badly stained mattress being burned by Miquel in the garden. Ludmilla and Father O'Connell get off the pony and trap which exits.

LUDMILLA

No, you're wrong there. I really did need to bother. Anyway, people would like to know when you are going to bury old Joe. The hole has been dug at

the west end of the church where there is a grand view over the village. Skinnider is a professional man and has sorted everything, death certificate and the like. The village is just waiting on your say so, to send Joe on his way.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Well tomorrow is Sunday. Burials don't normally happen on Sunday but there's no reason why I shouldn't say a requiem mass....

LUDMILLA

Well that's settled then, you can say mass and bury Joe at the same time. That will go down well I think - save people having to go to church twice. I'll tell Duffy.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Duffy? Who`s Duffy?

LUDMILLA

Oh, he runs the pub. When I tell him, word will be passed on. The whole of Coolshannagh will know in an hour and Ballynahinch in two.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Well, tell Duffy that I will hold an all-night vigil so that people can say their last good-byes.

LUDMILLA

I surely will, Father Daniel. I think Joe would like that.

176 INT. CHURCH EVENING. SAME DAY.

176

The church is ablaze with candle-light. Father O`Connell stands by a beautifully polished coffin where Father Joseph lays in white vestments which contrasts with the black silk lining of the coffin. His hands are neatly crossed, one clutching rosary beads and the other his pipe. His eyes are covered with seashells.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Hello Joe, I'm Daniel. Sorry we never met in life. I've already been told

that I will not be able to take your place by Ludmilla Sentna. I presume she is a friend? Anyway, I will sit with you tonight and send you on your way tomorrow with the love and prayers of the village. I see you like a pipe; I never took to one myself but like a cigarette, so I might disappear every now and then to take a quick puff outside. If you don't mind, Father Joe, I'll just sit with you rather than kneel. You'd have to be a saint to spend the night on your knees. Trust me Father, I am no saint.

Camera on Father O'Connell sat then on the side door which opens. Mary-Ellen enters, makes the sign of the cross and hobbles uneasily aided by a CANE which taps on the floorstones. As she walks she speaks.

MARY-ELLEN

You're the new priest then?

FATHER O'CONNELL

I am that. Father Daniel O'Connell, I'm pleased to meet you.

MARY-ELLEN

Father Joe was a good man, and a good priest, how about you?

Mary-Ellen sits close to Father O'Connell.

FATHER O'CONNELL

I'm sorry, I don't understand...

MARY-ELLEN

It's simple. Are you a good man and are you a good priest? You won't be able to keep anything hidden in Coolshannagh. I'm Mary-Ellen and I have been here for sixty years or more and find I have little time left for idle chat.

FATHER O'CONNELL

Well Mary-Ellen, I think I'm a reasonable man but a pretty poor priest.

Mary-Ellen looks at Father O'Connell, smiles and squeezes his

hand.

MARY-ELLEN

Pleased to meet you, Father Daniel.

Gradual fade out then fade in to people visiting Father Joseph's coffin.

NARRATOR

Throughout the night a steady stream of men, women and children came to pay their respects, a flurry occurring about midnight, co-incidental with the closing of Duffy's Bar.

Eamonn walks up to Father O'Connell holding the hand of his father.

EAMONN

I've come to give Father Joe a present and this is my daddy.

Eamonn points to his father then takes out his pocket a carved MODEL of a PIG.

EAMONN (CONT'D)

This is Friday, my pig. The real Friday is dead and Father Joe was there when he died.

Eamonn places the wooden pig inside the coffin, and pulls his father out of the church. Oliver McGinty places a POUCH of TOBACCO in the coffin and Kitty her HAIR RIBBONS. Camera on other villagers paying their respects. Fade out and fade back in to Father O'Connell asleep in his chair. The latch of the door clangs down, Father O'Connell wakes up with a start and sees Miquel standing in front of him.

MIQUEL

Remember me Father?

FATHER O'CONNELL (CHEERFULLY)

Impossible to forget you Gypo. It's been a few years.

MIQUEL

It has that. At least there's nobody shooting at us and we're not standing in a foot of trench filth. So, all in all things are on the up.

FATHER O`CONNELL

If you say so, Gypo. You knew Father Joseph?

MIQUEL

I did, everyone knew Joe. I went to his school and he was big mates with my dad. I've just called to drop off a book which I took from class. I'm a few years late in returning it and it's not in the best condition. Catch up with you later, Father Dan.

Miquel crosses himself and takes from his pocket a holed book which he places with care in the coffin. He exits. Camera on Father O`Connell. Duffy enters the church and goes up to the coffin. He is holding a bottle of WHISKEY and is a little incoherent.

DUFFY

Hello Father, I'm Duffy, I've brought down a bottle of whiskey.

FATHER O`CONNELL

That's very kind of you, Mr Duffy, but I don't think there are any glasses.

DUFFY

Not for us you eejit! Begging your pardon, Father - for Joe to take with him. I expect they'll have plenty of gold goblets and the like where he's heading.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Oh, sorry. Yes of course, I expect they will.

Duffy gets very close to Father O`Donnell and stares into his eyes.

DUFFY

So, you're the mad priest they've sent? Well I tell you Father; old Joe was village priest for nigh on forty years and as far as I'm concerned he still is! Yes, Joe may be dead but he is still Coolshannagh's priest. Do you understand me Father? Do you get my drift?

FATHER O`CONNELL

Mr Duffy, I'm sorry to say that I do not.

DUFFY

Well you may not, but by Christ I do, and that's all that matters.

Duffy removes the cork from the bottle.

DUFFY (CONT`D)

Would you like a swig? Joe won't mind; he was not a greedy man.

Duffy takes a swig and passes the bottle to Father O`Connell who takes a drink. He nods to Father Joseph.

FATHER O`CONNELL

God bless you Joe. I'll never be the priest you were but I'll give it a go.

Father O`Connell passes the bottle back to Duffy who takes another sip, re-corks the bottle and places it in the coffin next to Friday the pig.

DUFFY

There are two types of madness, Father. Bad mad and good mad. Which are you?

FATHER O`CONNELL

(Taken aback) To tell you the truth, Mr Duffy, I'm not sure.

177 VILLAGE. 5 AM. CONTINUOUS.

177

Duffy is walking unsteadily back to the bar. The lights are on in cottage windows as he passes. The church clock strikes 5.

NARRATOR

Duffy returned unsteadily to his pub. There were unusual lights in cottage windows along the way; the impending funeral of Father Joseph had disturbed the rhythm of the village. He found the back room of his bar more or less full - many keeping a vigil for Father Joe in a less spiritual way.

178 INT. DUFFY`S. CONTINUOUS.

178

The room is crowded with drinkers. Josie is manning the bar. Duffy speaks to Miquel.

DUFFY

So, you knew the man in the war did you, Gypo? Come on, tell us.

MIQUEL

I will not say too much. You will have to take him as you find him. But the usual sort of priest he is not. He was awarded the Military Cross for bravery, for rescuing a young lieutenant under heavy fire. And then he went roaming around the battlefield, giving comfort, communion, the last rites that sort of thing. To tell you the truth I don't think he cared whether he lived or died. His best friend, our Captain, Jimmy McGurk was blown up in front of his eyes. I will say no more and neither will Frankie Andrews or Sean Charles.

179 CHURCH HOUSE. KITCHEN. 7 AM. SAME DAY.

179

Ludmilla is cooking BACON and EGGS on the range. She makes a POT OF TEA then makes SANDWICHES with the bacon and eggs, puts the pot and a MUG on a TRAY. She picks up the tray.

LUDMILLA (TO HERSELF AUDIBLE)

Saints preserve us! Another priest who can't look after himself.

Ludmilla exits.

180 INT. CHURCH. CONTINUOUS.

180

Father O`Connell stuffs a sandwich in his mouth.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Thank you. I am bloody hungry.

LUDMILLA

Don't mention it. I'm used to hopeless priests. Anyway, hurry up, O'Shaughnessy will be here soon with the piano.

FATHER O`CONNELL
Piano? I don`t understaand.

LUDMILLA
There's only one piano in the village
and it's at Duffy's. O'Shaughnessy the
carter brings it down on Sundays for
mass and then takes it back. I have to
say all the movement is doing the
piano no good.

FATHER O`CONNELL
Who plays it?

LUDMILLA
I do.

Father O`Connell looks perplexed.

LUDMILLA (CONT`D)
Yes, Father Daniel, you are right: I
have only one hand, but the undertaker
made me another one for playing the
piano. It will all become clear. Which
reminds me...

Ludmilla unfastens the hand she is wearing and places it
touching Joe's face in the coffin which is now filled with
tokens of affection; a hundred scribbled notes, mass cards
and letters, a carved pig, a half empty bottle of whiskey
(camera concentrates on it), a bullet holed book, memories of
a wedding and an old false hand. She kisses her forefinger
and places it on the lips of Father Joseph. Caamera fades out
then fades in again.

The church is packed. Father O`Connell stands at the front of
the altar.

NARRATOR
The Requiem Mass is by nature a sombre
affair not normally assisted by the
congregation.

A voice calls out.

VOICE
Come on Father, speed it up. Joe needs
to get going.

FATHER O`CONNELL
A fair point. Well that's the mass

done - which is my bit. Joseph Fitzgerald was your priest, not mine. I never knew him so it's a bit daft of me and an insult to him if I start singing his praises. That's your job! I sat with him last night and many of you called in to say farewell. So, I know that you loved him and I know that means he loved you. I repeat, it's your shout to say a few words of remembrance - otherwise his resting place is ready outside which gives him a great vantage to watch over the village.

The church is silent for a beat of ten.

Camera on Josie.

JOSIE

I'll miss him doing his mad clomping dancing in the back room of the pub. He was always up for a jig though he was rubbish and had the grace of an elephant. God bless you, Joe.

Camera on McGinty

MCGINTY

He was no stuffed shirt and not much for rules. He smoked his pipe in church and said God preferred it to incense. So long Joe!

Camera on Eamonn.

EAMONN

When Friday my pig died, he said God would look after him for me - and I believe He will.

Caamera on Kitty.

KITTY

He knocked some sense into Stochelo and made him marry me. Thank you Joe.

Camera on Ludmilla.

LUDMILLA

I met Joe in Berlin. I had experienced

some acts of cruelty. The first thing he did was to be kind and dance with me. He continued to be kind for the next forty years. In the end he thought I was his wife, and I suppose I was in every way except that which causes priests and churches so much worry. If you don't mind, I think I'll sing a song for Joe. I know he would like it.

Ludmilla walks to the crossing at the foot of Father Joseph's coffin. She sings. (This can be sung in English or German)
Camera will pan to the congregation to see them enjoying it.

When Ludmilla has finished there is silence. Camera on the congregation looking `appreciative` of fine singing. Eamonn, clutching his DRUM, runs to Ludmilla and tugs her arm.

EAMONN

Miss! Miss! Can I sing a song for
Father Joe? Can I Miss, can I?

LUDMILLA

Of course, you can Eamonn. Do you know
any songs? Not a silly song now.

EAMONN

I know a grand song for Father Joe.
It's his favourite.

Eamonn begins to twirl the beater on his bodhran which settles into steady three/four time. He sings.

When Irish Eyes are smiling sure it's
like a morn in spring

In the lilt of Irish laughter you can
hear the angels sing

Stochelo gets out his tin whistle and joins in, Robert Skinnider on the piano plays the tune.

when Irish hearts are happy all the
world seems bright and gay

but when Irish eyes are smiling sure
they'll steal your heart away

Six men pick up the coffin, walk down the aisle and out of the door. The congregation follow, all singing

And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, they steal your heart away!

THE ANGEL AND THE DIABHAL ARRIVE IN COOLSHANNAGH

181 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE BEDROOM. DAY.

181

ALICE CHARLES late 30s and heavily pregnant, lies in bed.
Mary-ellen is attending her.

NARRATOR

In English the Diabhal means 'The Devil' but the Diabhal has little real power and is at his weakest when faced by a baby without sin. Now I know the Catholic faith believes that babies are born with 'Original Sin' already staining their souls. It's a viewpoint I suppose but one which I cannot share. Anyway, let us press...

The Charles family was not yet to its full complement and in grave danger of losing its most recent addition, the infant Kathleen. Coolshannagh, an insignificant village was a dangerous place for any ailing child in Edwardian Ireland. For the sickly baby of a poor family it was usually fatally so.

Montage of CHRIS (7) AND PADRAIG (8) CHARLES climbing trees, playing in the fields, fishing from a skiff on the lough foraging for blackberries and apples. Down at the shoreline collecting crabs, cockles and mussels.

NARRATOR

But for the two boys, inseparable brothers, Chris and Padraig, it had been a grand place in which to grow.

182 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. FRONT ROOM. 3 AM.

182

Chris and Padraig sit on a rag rug in front of the fire and SEAN CHARLES (early 40s) sips porter as he rolls forwards and back on an ancient ROCKING CHAIR. We hear the cry of a new born baby then of rumbling thunder.

SEAN

Eight years in the making. She'll be a rare one, she will that, That thunder is to tell us she'll make her mark all right, yes, she will boys.

CHRIS

How do you know it's a girl, Daddy?

SEAN

Oh, it's a girl sure enough, your Mammy wanted a girl after you two hooligans! It's a girl right enough.

PADRAIG

When can we see her?

SEAN

When we're called! Boys, there are things to be done, women's things. Hold your horses you Fenian rascallions! Here, drink some porter.

Chris and Padraig each take a turn of sipping the PORTER and screw their faces in distaste. Camera on Mary-Ellen who walks down the stairs slowly. She holds a CANDLE on a BRASS PRICKET. Mary-Ellen addresses Chris and Padraig.

MARY-ELLEN

Do you want to come and see your little sister, fine girl she is?

Chris and Padraig charge up the stairs.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT'D)

You go up with the boys, Sean. I'm done for.

Sean gets out of his rocking chair.

SEAN

Sit here Mary-Ellen. And would ye be having a glass, Mary-Ellen, to wet the baby's head?

Mary-Ellen slowly eases herself into the chair.

MARY-ELLEN

A schooner of porter, no, perhaps a drop of spirit to get my strength up, thank you Sean.

Sean pours a glass of whiskey and hands it to Mary-Ellen.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT'D)

Thank you Sean now go. Go!

Sean climbs the stairs.

183 INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

183

Chris and Padraig are sat either side of Alice.

ALICE

Sean. I'd like to introduce you to
your daughter, Kathleen.

Sean takes off his CAP and offers the baby his
forefinger, which she holds.

SEAN

I am indeed, very pleased to meet you,
Miss Kathleen!

Sean bends over and kisses his daughter's forehead and then
his wife's. Chris cries and Padraig laughs. Mary-Ellen calls
out.

MARY-ELLEN

Sean! Sean! If ye will, come here - a
wee word.

184 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. FRONT ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

184

Sean enters and sees Mary-Ellen staring at the fire. Her
glass is empty.

SEAN

Another glass Mary-Ellen?

MARY-ELLEN

I will Sean. Thank you. First I need a
word.

Mary-Ellen beckons Sean to come close to her.

SEAN

What is it?

MARY-ELLEN (QUIETLY)

I am not happy Sean, I am worried. We
need to send for the priest!

SEAN

What! What's wrong! Is there something amiss with her? With Alice?

MARY-ELLEN

Hush Sean, hush. No, they are both fine both strong but...

SEAN

But what?

MARY-ELLEN

The babe was born to a clap of thunder and flash of lightning, and I tell you Sean, I smelled the brimstone in the air! I have delivered a hundred babies, and this is a portent, a bad omen. Send for the priest, and not O'Connell who is nought but a sinful drunk himself. Send for a proper priest who believes in God and is not living in sin with his housekeeper!

SEAN

You had me there for a while alright. You surely did, but tis no time for jokes Mary-Ellen. Has the whiskey addled your head or something?

MARY-ELLEN

Sean Charles! You will show me the respect I am due. I brought both your fine boys into this world and I brought your wife into it also, so I did! I have a sight of other things, Sean. Believe me, trust me there is mischief being played out tonight!

SEAN

I am sorry Mary-Ellen, of course you mean well so you do.

Mary-Ellen gets out of the chair slowly and looks indignant.

MARY-ELLEN

I will be off Sean Charles; leave the drink in the jug. I'm away to my bed.

SEAN

Mary-Ellen I mean you no disrespect but this nonsense talk of brimstone

and mischief, I won't have any of it, particularly not tonight. I have heard you say many times yourself that there is no such thing as magic spells or potions, that witchcraft and the like is childish nonsense for goodness sake! Shall I get the boys to walk you home? And a little silver to cross your palm for your work tonight?

MARY-ELLEN

The boys can take me because I am old and frail and the night can be cruel, but if my words of warning are no good for you then your coin is no good to me. I have said that spells and the like are just the stuff of foolish minds but I have never denied God and not the Diabhal either. I am not talking about magicians tricks Sean - I am talking about evil.

185 COUNTRYSIDE. CONTINUOUS.

185

Dawn is breaking over the eastern shore of the lough. Chris carries a HURRICANE LAMP as he and Padraig walk with Mary- Ellen. They reach the front door of her cottage. Mary- Ellen turns to Chris and Padraig.

MARY-ELLEN

Good night boys, or better, I should wish you well this St Columba's morning. Off home to your beds; it's sunrise in an hour. The young need sleep. Be brave today for the tale is told that if you are afeared on St. Columba's you will be fearful for the next forty nights!

Chris and Padraig smile at each other and walk towards the sea wall.

186 SEA WALL. CONTINUOUS.

186

On the sea wall sits a slim man (45), the DIABHAL. (Very flamboyant character) He wears a GREY FUR TOP HAT with a curled brim, a WHITE SILK RIBBON band is tied into a neat central bow. His hat rests at a jaunty angle with long black hair sticking out. He has a slightly hooked nose and wears a PINK JACKET. A large BLUE POLKA DOTTED KERCHIEF hangs casually from the coat pocket. His legs were covered with

buff,tight-fitting BREECHES tucked into knee-length RIDING BOOTS, patent gleaming, black, decorated at the top with gilded BANDS and TASSELS.

The camera sees Chris and Padraig approach with caution.

DIABHAL

Hola, small boys although I doubt you
habla the old Espanol, do you?

He taps the stone wall with his silver knobbed CANE.

DIABHAL (CONT'D)

Hello infants. Let me greet you as
such on this early morn, a day of
promise I believe. What say you?

PADRAIG

Hello sir, and good morning to you.

DIABHAL

Oh,you speak! You speak so well, to
me, your unworthy servant! But names,
I must have names.

PADRAIG

I'm sorry sir but we must be off; we
cannot tarry. We must be away home.

DIABHAL

Of course not. Such an important day
for you. But vouch safe we will meet
again, later perhaps? Sundays are so
dull don't you think? Miserable,
tedious, without fun. Yes, later we
will have converse. Grand boys!

Chris tugs at Padraig`s sleeve.

CHRIS

C`mon Paddy, c`mon.

DIABHAL

DON`T! Chris!Chrisss - ssssss!

The Diabhal waves his stick and arm, snakelike.

DIABHAL (CONT'D)

What a perfectly disgusting name,
although I like the sibilance.(He
hisses) Ssssoo ssssnake like! Yessssss

... Sssssssss! Hssssss!

The Diabhal glares, shakes his shoulders and holds his cane out front.

DIABHAL

A piu tarde chaps! Flee homeward, run, run! You need to pay attention! The road is slippery, and small thin ankles are easily turned and might SNAP! Your sister ails, the slug that she is, slime child. But perhaps she will prosper. I know the key to that. Yes, a way forward! Flee, flee!

The Diabhal holds the cane aloft and looks at the sky. He howls. Chris is unconcerned but we see Padraig look very worried. Padraig grips Chris's hand and they sprint away.

187 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

187

Chris and Padraig run in shouting. Sean is by the stove making tea.

CHRIS/PADRAIG

Da`, Da`.

SEAN

Not now boys and silence for your Mam and sister are resting.

PADRAIG

But Da`.

SEAN

No boys, no! and that's the end of it. No more now. Off to bed, you need to rest boys. Today will be long, sure it will and you with no sleep. Away to bed.

Chris and Padraig climb the stairs. Camera on Sean making the tea.

188 INT. CHRIS AND PADRAIG'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

188

There is a double bed in the room. Chris and Padraig are under the covers and hold each other.

CHRIS

Who was that man? How did he know my

name? Why was he clad so?

PADRAIG

Go to sleep, 'twas just some crazed
tinker or gypsy.

CHRIS

He didn't look like....

PADRAIG

Go to sleep, I'll hear no more of it.

Camera fades out to black then back in again. Sean is shaking
Chris and Padraig awake.

SEAN

Up boys. Do the drill; clean shirts
are airing on the fireguard. You're on
your own today; I'm needed to look
after your Mam and the babe.

PADRAIG

Can we see the babe, can we see Mam,
can we?

CHRIS

Daddy, can we?

SEAN

Briefly. Be lively.

189 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. PARENTS`BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

189

Chris and Padraig enter the bedroom. Alice and Kathleen are
sitting upright in bed with Kathleen held to Alice`s breast.
Kathleen moves her head and continues to cry.

CHRIS

What's up, Mammy, why is she crying?

ALICE

Oh, she'll be fine boys, she's hungry
and hasn't got the hang of sucking
just yet.

Alice smiles at Chris and Padraig but gives a concerned look
to Sean.

SEAN

Away downstairs now, there's bacon and
bubble-and-squeak on the hob. Quickly

now, then off to mass but do not take Holy Communion today, lads. You need a good breakfast inside you after the fun and games of the night. Don't forget! Wash first and then clean shirts for Sunday.

Chris and Padraig leave and go downstairs.

ALICE

There's something amiss, Sean.
Something's not right.

SEAN

How so Alice?

Sean sits on the edge of the bed and holds his wife's hand gently, brushing fingers through her hair.

ALICE

She's not feeding, Sean. I have plenty of milk of that I'm sure and she does suck. My teats are fair sore from the trying but nothing is happening. She's born a good while now and she needs to drink. It is a worry, Sean.

SEAN

Oh, it will be alright Alice, I'm sure...

ALICE

Stop that now, Sean! Don't fob me off with stupid words! I am telling you there is something wrong and it will NOT be alright unless she feeds and soon!

SEAN

Shall I send the lads for Dr Kirk in Ballynahinch?

ALICE

Send for Mary-Ellen again. She is a wise one and has delivered more babies than the Scottish Doctor ever will. Neither does she charge a shilling. She has a knowledge of herbs and potions also that do better than most of his draughts that are nought but spirits and opium.

Kathleen cries again. Sean leaves the room.

190 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

190

Sean enters the kitchen. Chris and Padraig are finishing off their breakfast.

SEAN

Boys, finish your breakfast quickly for there is an errand. On the way to mass call in at Mary-Allen's and tell her this. Say your Mam and Dad are a wee bit troubled as the baby is having a hard time of it feeding. Tell her that your Mam would be most grateful for any advice.

PADRAIG

Is Kathleen sick?

SEAN

No lads, not at all. She's just taking a little while getting started. Not like you two galoots who started feeding straight away and have not stopped since. If she wants you to walk back with her, that's fine; you can go to evening mass. Be polite boys. Off with you now and if you see him, say hello to your Uncle Frankie.

191 EXT. MARY-ELLEN'S COTTAGE. CONTINUOUS.

191

The green garden gate hangs lopsidedly on one hinge, the old paint is blistered and chipped. Chris and Padraig approach the front door, which is equally weathered and lift the cast knocker. The door opens and Mary-Allen stands there. She wears all black with a WOOLLEN SHAWL. Her BONNET is firmly tied. Chris and Padraig run up to her.

PADRAIG

Oh, I'm sorry Miss Mary-Allen, are you going out?

MARY-ELLEN

I've been expecting the call, if I'm off anywhere it's to your home so it is. How is the sweet baby and your loving mother?

Mary-Allen pats Chris and Padraig in turn.

PADRAIG

Oh, sure they are well Miss, but she does not take to feeding.

CHRIS

Mam says she has plenty of milk but the babe can't suck.

PADRAIG

Hush your gob. Were you listening in?

Padraig gives Chris a prod.

CHRIS

I was not! I have keen ears that's all.

MARY-ELLEN

Boys! Boys! Stop it. Padraig, is it true what the little one here says?

PADRAIG

It is, miss, but my Da' says everything will be fine.

MARY-ELLEN

Oh, does he now? A good man your daddy but knows little of women's problems. You get off to mass. I have need of a thing or two.

Mary-Ellen fidgets in her pocket and takes out a PENNY which she gives to Chris.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT'D)

Light a candle for me boys. Every candle is a prayer that lights the pathway to heaven so it does, and I'll be treading that road soon enough. Off, away with you. This is Holy Money now. Any sweets bought at McGinty's shop would sear your mouths.

CHRIS

Thank you.

Chris and Padraig run off, Mary-Ellen goes into her cottage.

192 SEA WALL. CONTINUOUS.

192

The Diabhal is stood on the sea wall looking out to sea. His

legs are spread, both hands on hips one holds a cane. His head and hat are slightly tilted back. Mary-Ellen approaches and pulls the shawl close. Close up on Mary-Ellen.

MARY-ELLEN (MUTTERING TO HERSELF)

Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is
with thee, Blessed art though amongst
women...

At their closest point Mary-Ellen passes behind him and makes the ancient sign of horns. The Diabhal doesn't turn round as Mary-Ellen passes. He bellows.

DIABHAL

WITCH!

Mary-Ellen quickens her stride.

193 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. CONTINUOUS.

193

There is a knock at the door and Mary-Ellen enters. She is out of breath and distraught.

MARY-ELLEN

It is but me, Hello! hello! Sean, I
must sit a while.

Mary-Ellen flops into the fireside chair.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT'D)

I have seen him, Sean, I have. A drink
Sean, the punch, to revive my soul and
this poor wee, frail old husk. Sean!

194 INT. BEDROOM DAY. CONTINUOUS.

194

Sean is tending to Alice who is bed with Kathleen at her breast.

SEAN

A minute Mary-Ellen.

ALICE

Send her up, quickly now. I am
frightened Sean.

195 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. CONTINUOUS.

195

Mary-Ellen is sat by the fire and rocking back and forth in the chair. Sean appears from the stairs.

MARY-ELLEN

A glass Sean, for my nerves are shot.

Sean pours a large measure of PUNCH into a glass and reaches for the KETTLE.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT.`D)

No, no. As it comes.

Sean passes the glass to Mary-Ellen and she drinks it in one.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT.`D)

I have seen him, Sean, yes seen him.

SEAN

Seen who for God`s sake?

Mary-Ellen is agitated and she wrings her hands and rocks to and fro. She bends at her waist.

MARY-ELLEN

The Deceiver, the Tormentor, the Diabhal himself!

Mary-Ellen crosses herself.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT.`D)

Holy Mary Mother of God, 'tis him the cause of your troubles.

SEAN

Calm yourself now. Have another drink and tell me about it.

ALICE(SHOUTING)

SEAN, SEAN!

MARY-ELLEN

I'm coming Alice. Sean, help me up the steps for it is too much walking I have done today. Here, take my bag.

Sean takes Mary-Ellen`s BAG and walks backwards up the stairs (camera follows them) Mary-Ellen takes a brief rest on every stair. They reach the bedroom.

196 INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

196

MARY-ELLEN

Away with you now and close the door behind as you go.

Sean puts the bag on the bed, exits and closes the door.
 Alice is sat upright in bed holding Kathleen.

ALICE

I fear she has the fever Mary-Ellen.
 She is still but I can feel her
 burning up.

Mary-Ellen puts her hand on Kathleen`s forehead.

MARY-ELLEN

It is indeed a warm day. Let`s take
 the wraps off for there is no chance
 of a chill.

Mary-Ellen pulls open her bag, takes the newspaper from an
 earthenware bottle and places it aside.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT`D)

For you later Alice, it will build you
 up.

Mary-Ellen reaches into her bag, uncorks a bottle and dampens
 a kerchief of boiled linen with the lotion it contains.

MARY-ELLEN (CONT`D)

This is the one, it will help. This is
 but boiled up comfrey and lavender, it
 will help with the cooling of her. If
 it does no good it will do no harm.

Mary-Ellen bathes Kathleen.

ALICE

That smells good.

MARY-ELLEN

I have here a small jar of salve for
 your teats. I believe it will soothe
 and encourage the milk to flow. It is
 Queen's jelly and a few herbs, mainly
 basil. Nothing that will cause the wee
 one any wrong. But 'tis my belief the
 babes like it and it gives vigour to
 the suck.

Mary-Ellen uncovers Alice`s breasts and gently rubs the
 ointment on her nipples and massages. Alice holds Kathleen to
 her breast and Mary-Ellen opens Kathleen`s mouth.

MARY-ELLEN

Now let's see if this bright sweet
angel will latch on, and a prayer
together will do no harm.

MARY-ELLEN AND ALICE (TOGETHER)

Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is
with thee,

Blessed art thou amongst women,

And blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
Jesus.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us
sinners,

Now, and at the hour of our death.

Amen.

197 EXT. CHURCH SAME DAY

197

Chris and Padraig approach men having a cigarette. One of
them is Frankie Andrews, Alice's brother. He gives Chris and
Padraig an affectionate pat.

FRANKIE

Hello there and congratulations on
your new sister.

PADRAIG

Thank you Uncle Frankie.

FRANKIE

Mary-Ellen says she is a lovely girl
with the looks of your Mother.

PADRAIG

Thank you, sir, but for sure I cannot
tell. She just looks like a baby to
me.

The men get back into their huddle and carry on smoking. TOM
FOLEY speaks.

FOLEY

Anyone taking bets on Father Daniel
getting through mass? My Bridie said
he was weaving all over the shop at
half-ten and that he could hardly

speak for the slurring - drunk as a Lord!

MCGINTY

Yes, Annie said he forgot the Latin and just rambled, and you know how she can follow the mass, missal or no.

FRANKIE

Hold your tongue, Tom Foley. Not for the first time are you talking through your arse! You know as well as me the man has shell-shock.

FOLEY

The DT's more like! Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I'm fearful when he goes near a candle that the whiskey inside him might explode!

All the men laugh except for Frankie.

FRANKIE

Tom Foley, ye need to know that if it was not the church we're entering, I'd straighten your useless face.

198 INT. CHURCH. CONTINUOUS.

198

Father O'Connell stands in the pulpit.

FATHER O'CONNELL

Well now that's all the formalities done with. Don't worry yourselves, I will keep it very short today. Anyway, I hear that the brevity of my mass accounts for its popularity. And I'd be a rare fool if I thought my words of wisdom had much to offer you. So today I thought I'd tell you the truth, well at least some of my truth and what you do with it is up to you, none of my business.

Camera on the congregation who look at each other and shift in their pews. Father O'Connell pours some water from a crystal carafe on the lectern, holds the glass up to the light as if was inspecting wine or beer for cloudiness. He takes a long drink and replaces the glass.

FATHER O'CONNELL (CONT'D)

I hear it is reported in Duffy's Bar and McGinty's Store and various establishments that purvey gossip that I am taken with the drink and consume too much O'Connell's whiskey. I have to say that although the quantities mentioned may be correct, that it is too much I contradict.

Camera on the congregation to see their reactions to the next dialogue from Father O'Connell.

FATHER O'CONNELL (CONT'D)

I know where I was on this day exactly ten years ago, unusual one might say, as I am rumoured often not to know what day it is, a slight which I can sadly confirm. But ten years ago, the Great War was at its height, and on this very day at this time I was waist deep in mud in a Flanders shell hole. Be at ease men. Don't fret Frankie, for I was not gassed at Mons and won't regale you with stories of heroism true or false. But I was in a hole, a mud-filled slime pit deposited there courtesy of a fifteen-inch shell that blew me gently into the air and put me down feet first in the mud with not a scratch on me. But while aloft I had a marvellous view of desolation.

199 BATTLEFIELD. DAY. FLASHBACK.

199

Father O'Connell is wedged in mud and is trying to extricate himself.

FATHER O'CONNELL (V.O.)

I could not get purchase to get out. So, I sat there appreciating the silence, which I thought odd until I realised after some considerable time that I was deaf. I sat there contemplating and I understood a few things. I understood that I was a coward right enough because I had run away to war to escape love, a stupidity which I will ever regret. I understood that, without doubt, God existed, something that had troubled

me before, as a child and then a young priest. How did I know? Easy stuff, easy stuff!

200 INT. CHURCH. CONTINUOUS.

200

Camera on the congregation who listen intently.

FATHER O'CONNELL (CONT'D)
Ypres was Hell! It was there, in that muddy shell-hole, that I met the Diabhal who was as happy as a sand-boy. War is self-evidently his realm. The absence of war is heaven, the province of God. I also understood that God has little interest in the bodies of men and that come the end of days the resurrection of the body is going to take some doing. Some almighty clever jig-saw piecing together will be required.

201 BATTLEFIELD. DAY. FLASHBACK.

201

A man riding a bicycle stops and pulls Father O'Connell out of the mud. The man and Father O'Connell talk (inaudible) The man waves goodbye and rides off.

FATHER O'CONNELL (V.O.)
Oh, yes, I almost forgot, for any here of a religious persuasion, it was not a Samaritan but a Jew that heaved me out of the mire. He was passing on a bicycle which must have been some mad crazy miracle. The Lord works in mysterious ways so they say and he must, for to this day I cannot figure out why anyone should be on a bike in the middle of a battle.

Murmurs of laughter from the congregation.

FATHER O'CONNELL (CONT'D)
Ah well. I'm Done.

Father O'Connell makes a half hearted sign of the cross.

FATHER O'CONNELL (CONT'D)
Ita Missa Est'

A baby begins to cry and is hushed by her mother. Father

O`Connell walks unsteadily down the steps from the altar. The DEACON looks on confused.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Don't hush that baby now, Jeannie Mannion. That child's got more right to speak in church than me and better things to say.

Father O`Connell walks to the front pew which is occupied by a lone woman.

FATHER O`CONNELL

Come on, Ginny my love, let's go home.

GINNY, 40s, takes Father O`Connell's arm and they walk down the aisle. There are a mixture of voices, men and women.

VOICES

The man's gone mad so he has, the drink has surely taken him.

Choosing his whore over Jesus; he will rightly burn in hell so he will.

Ah, good riddance to the drunk.

I bet the only hole he was ever in was one that served drink and loose women.

Frankie Andrews stands up.

FRANKIE

Hush your mouths! Save your sour-faced clucking for the hen house you pitiful biddies, men and women both. Shut your disgraceful mouths I say.

VOICE(MALE)

You're no Sergeant Major now Frankie Andrews, I'll be giving you no heed, no sir!

Miquel is sat at the back of the church. He calls out.

MIQUEL

Will ye not? I tell you boy, you will do what my Sergeant says or I'll lay you low. Is it a wee tap from me ye're wanting, is it now?

Miquel walks to the door and stands covering it.

FRANKIE

Thank you Miquel. I will have my say
and then never again set foot in this,
the Church of the Holy Hypocrite.
Father Dan was with us at Messines and
I mean with us every step. Not saying
mass safely back in Pops but giving
Holy Communion and a blessing as we
went over the top. And many was the
dying man, crying for his mother,
whose hand he held with bullets
flying, shot and shell erupting.
Recall Gypo, he gave Extreme Unction
to the cradled head of that Dublin
Captain, Jimmy McGurk, the rest of his
body lost.

MIQUEL (SOMBRELY)

That I do Sergeant.

FRANKIE

Whatever soft comfort Daniel O'Connell
gets, he deserves. Let them go
Gypo, I've had my say.

Miquel moves away from the door and Chris and Padraig run out
of the church.

202 EXT. CHURCH DAY. CONTINUOUS.

202

CHRIS

Is the priest gone mad. Is he a drunk
as they say?

Chris suddenly stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We didn't light a candle for Mary-
Ellen. I still have her penny.

PADRAIG

It's too late. Come on!

Camera fades as they run off then back in again to see them
approaching the sea wall.

203 SEA WALL. CONTINUOUS.

203

The Diabhal is strutting on the wall. He slaps his chest and

throws out arms wide.

DIABHAL

Yarooo! Boys, it's me! Hurrah for me!
Wonderful to see you. Great Stuff. I
knew we'd meet. Did I not say so Did I
not say it? Sirrah! Here to me... view
haloo! The day is good for sport, is
it not? It's just a perfect day for us
to know each other well, to wag our
chins, to chew things over. So, come
on down. Make haste. Speed is the
essence. Speed now! You may not idle
for the baby dies does she not? Slowly
through lack of -sustenance.

The Diabhal freezes, rigid arms to his sides, soldier like at
attention. He stares with a piercing glare and mad-wide eyes.

DIABHAL (CONT'D)

Ss-sustenance-sss,mmmm, I like this
word. Do You? Oh well, no matter.

Chris and Padraig look at each other in alarm. The Diabhal
stops prancing around and adopts a measured,managerial
stance. He paces up and down, head lowered as if in thought,
He massages his thin pointed chin between thumb and
forefinger.

DIABHAL (CONT'D)

Fact number one. The newly born chunk
of useless lardy fat needs to suckle
and she cannot. Fact number two. The
aforesaid baby of the first part, also
known as bloated leper maggot,will,
unless sustained by her mother's
breast-vomit, will die. Sad,sad, Cry,
cry. Blah, blah.

Chris and Padraig look petrified.

DIABHAL (CONT'D)

It does not have to be, no not at all.
I have familiarity and expertise in
these matters! Free enterprise! Free
trade that's the way of it. A bargain
to strike, a deal to be done. A deal
boys, a deal.

PADRAIG (NERVOUSLY)

What deal?

DIABHAL

The seer speaks, such a boon, a munificence. What a boy! No, what a man! No nonsense and to the chase. A sportsman I wager, Arooo!

PADRAIG

What deal?

DIABHAL

How about some dancing to make better this miserable Sunday afternoon. I hate this weather! Padraig, my boy, how about you?. I'll wager you cut a pretty step. Dance to my tune and all will be well. I will make the music.

The Diabhal reaches inside his coat and pulls out a HARMONICA.

CHRIS

NO. HE WILL NOT DANCE!

DIABHAL (CACKLING)

What joy, such fun! Chris is here to save the day. Chris a Caca, Chris acaca!

The Diabhal holds the harmonica up high and waves it vigorously.

DIABHAL (CONT'D)

It's a harmonica, filth boy. What did you expect, Pan Pipes?

Chris chokes back tears.

CHRIS

My name is not Chris a caca! It is CHRISTOPHER and it means carrier of Christ, Our Lord Jesus Christ!

DIABHAL

Oh well then, that makes all the difference. You mention the name of an old dead Jew and, and what exactly. I shrivel? I burst into flames? I disappear like a fart in the wind? I'll have you know that Jesus gave considerable sport, an entertainer no less. He did damn well carrying that

cross thing. Very impressive! Padraig
me mate, me old sport. Do we have a
deal? You dance to my tune and sing my
songs and your excrement-filled grub-
sister will be all tickety-boo?

204 INT. RECTORY. DAY.

204

Father O'Donnell sits cradling Ginny's head. He strokes her
hair. Ginny is sobbing.

FATHER O'CONNELL

I have a little money and we will away
to America, Ginny my dear girl, to
America and a better life.

Father O'Connell strokes her hair and kisses her head.

FATHER O'CONNELL (CONT'D)

No fears Ginny, we will go today. You
will be slighted no more or 'tis Slab
O'Connell they will be dealing with!

Ginny laughs.

GINNY

Slab O'Connell, that old-time faker, a
name fit for a butcher's shop or a
mortuary. Go on with you now. And what
will a priest do in America to look
after a wife and child?

FATHER O'CONNELL

Wife is it now, Ginny? I don't
remember saying anything about getting
married.

Ginny puts on a `small` voice.

GINNY

Don't tease so, Daniel. We will be
married won't we? Our baby will have a
father? I've wanted us to wed since
our first kiss in St Stephen's Green,
when you were trembling like a
frightened kitten at the touch of my
hand.

FATHER O'CONNELL (SURPRISED)

What! Is that true now, Ginny, you've
always wanted to wed?

GINNY

Away with you Daniel! Has your mind gone soft? Of course, it's not. But if we're going to get married, now is the time.

Father O'Donnell shakes his head in mild amusement.

FATHER O'CONNELL

Anyway, I was not trembling like a frightened kitten as you put it. That night was fearful cold as I recall and I had the shivers. But the truth be told you've always had the beating of me, Ginny Brennan, you make me tremble still.

Ginny lifts her head up from Father O'Connell's chest, puts her hand behind his neck and pulls him towards her. She kisses him on the lips.

FATHER O'CONNELL

No worries now, Ginny. I am giving up being a priest but I know the Lord won't give up on me. In truth I think it will be a relief to both of us.

Father O'Connell gets up and walks to the Vestry. He takes off his robes and gets into his civvies. Whilst he gets changed he speaks.

FATHER O'CONNELL (CONT'D)

Start packing, Ginny, one case mind; we will do this thing today. I will away to the station to find the train times to Belfast. The walk will sober me up.

GINNY

Call into the Charles cottage, you're still the village priest and there's a baptism to be done. Make arrangements.

FATHER O'CONNELL

But Ginny.

GINNY

I will hear no more of it, Daniel. A baptism will be done before we kick off the Coolshannagh dust. Hurry now, be off!

205 SEA WALL. CONTINUOUS.

205

The Diabhal is playing his harmonica and strutting about. Padraig is shuffling his feet and Chris looks on with a scared look on his face.

Camera on Father O`Connell as he walks (he has not yet reached the sea wall)

FATHER O`CONNELL (AUDIBLY TO HIMSELF)
Strange, to be sure, a harmonica? I
think it is but played by a child or
eejit with scant skill.

Father O`Connell quickens his pace and sees Chris throw a stick at the Diabhal. It hits him in the face and he stops playing. Padraig stops shuffling and goes to Chris.

DIABHAL
Bloody Hell! That hurt! You little
sod, you could have had me eye out.
No, no, that's not it, not the way of
it at all.

The Diabhal looks up and sees Father O`Connell approaching.

DIABHAL (CONT`D)
Why halloo, nice to see you, Old
Sport. Why it's been too long, much
too long. How are you? Feet dried yet,
got the mud out of your puttees?
Actually, it was you, corrupt, sinful
priest that brought me here. I had
such a good time when we last met -
you remember, in the war when you did
all that blubbing, wandering around
the Ypres battlefield, cursing God for
all the death and destruction? No,
surely you must recall? (Pause) Ah
well.

The Diabhal plays his harmonica again. Fathr O`Connell launches himself at the Diabhal and hits him with a rugby tackle, his shoulder hitting in the Diabhal`s stomach. Both go over the wall.

206 CHARLES COTTAGE. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

206

Alice is in bed with Kathleen at her breast. A warm feeling rushes over Alice and she breathes a big sigh. She starts crying and calls out.

ALICE
She's feeding Mary-Ellen, she's
feeding!

207 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. FRONT ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

207

The door bursts open and Chris and Padraig race into the room.

PADRAIG
Dad, Dad. Help!

CHRIS
Daddy. Help. Tis terrible.

Sean rushes from the kitchen.

SEAN
Hold your horses boys, steady now.
What's terrible? What's up?

Padraig is wheezing and bent over. Chris speaks.

CHRIS
Father Daniel has killed a strange
fellow by charging him off the sea-
wall onto the rocks and I'm scared the
priest is dead also.

208 INT. MARY-ELLEN'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

208

Father O'Connell lies in Mary-Ellen's feather bed, swaddled in a plump eiderdown. CANDLES are lit at the four bed posts Ginny sits holding his hand. Mary-Ellen stands behind stroking Ginny's shoulders and hair.

MARY-ELLEN
Do not test yourself, Ginny, my sweet
girl. It will do Daniel no good and
will upset the babe you are carrying
for that child is already a part of us
and your upset will be his upset.

Ginny looks quickly at Mary-Ellen.

GINNY
You said his. Is the baby a boy?

MARY-ELLEN
I am an old fool and the day has got
to me, Ginny. My tongue has a mind of

its own and has said more than I meant.

GINNY

But my baby is a boy?

MARY-ELLEN

Sure, it will do no harm to tell you, the babe is a boy, a fine son for you and Daniel.

Ginny sobs.

GINNY

Will he die Mary-Ellen?

MARY-ELLEN

I have no idea, my little dove, and nor does anyone else. There are some things that the Lord Almighty keeps to himself. But Daniel is strong, few stronger and he has two wonderful reasons to stay with us. I have felt his bones and all are sound, maybe a few ribs cracked but that is nought. Time will tell, nothing else. Let us say a Decade of the Rosary together, Ginny, but I cannot kneel.

Camera fades out.

209 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. KITCHEN. DAY.

209

Alice sits nursing Kathleen in front of the kitchen fire. Kathleen sucks healthily. Sean stands with his back to the fire, with a whiskey glass in his hand. Chris and Padraig are talking to CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN, late 50s, who has notebook and pencil in his hand. There are men in the yard smoking and eagerly listening for gossip.

CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN

Boys, strange events have occurred today. I have been constable here for thirty-five years and there has never been a happening like this before in Coolshannagh. McGarvey's pig did fall off the sea wall ten years gone, but that remains unsolved. Some say it was no crime, just the pig falling, but I'm not so sure. Anyway... You boys, have done nothing wrong. Nothing

whatsoever so you have nothing to fear. Do you understand me boys? Honest men and indeed honest boys have nothing to fear from the law. Is that clear?

SEAN

The boys know full well they've done nothing wrong. Can you move it along a bit Constable?

CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN

No, Sean I cannot. The law has its ways, and an investigation cannot be rushed. A small whiskey would help mind. A little lubrication would oil the wheels, speed the process.

Sean reaches for a glass and pours a whiskey which he hands to Constable O'Donovan. He takes a sip.

CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Now boys, you say there was a quare fellow knocked into the lough by the priest. Are you sure now? There's no sign of a quare fellow or anyone else, and all along the shore we've checked and prodded the shallows with poles. No sign boys, no sign.

SEAN

Well, Mary-Ellen also reported this stranger. Mind you she thought it was the Diabhal.

CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN

A grand woman, Mary-Ellen, but we must remember she is getting on; why she was old when I came here from Newry and that is a while back. She also likes a drink or two does she not?

PADRAIG (AGITATED)

Daddy! There was a strange fellow and he was awful! He said terrible things to Chris.

CHRIS (FORCEFULLY)

It's Christopher!

PADRAIG

He said terrible things to Christopher
and said Kathleen would die unless we
did what he wanted. It's true Daddy!

CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN

And what did he want you to do?

PADRAIG

He wanted us to go with him and dance
and sing his songs.

SEAMUS FINNEGAN leans in the doorway and he turns to the men
outside.

210 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. BACK YARD. CONTINUOUS.

210

Seamus turns to the men. Among them are DAVY CONLON and MICKY
GILL.

SEAMUS

There was a odd fellow right enough.
He wanted to take the Charles boys to
a dance and have a sing-song with the
lads.

DAVY

Did he by God! I have heard of such
quare fellows like that. Mostly
English and live in London. But it's
true enough there are those dandies
who want to go dancing with boys.

MICKY

I was not aware that the Charles boys
could dance.

SEAMUS

I believe they can. Sean is very keen
upon Gaelic traditions. I think both
boys can step quite well.

Seamus turns back to eavesdrop. Davy and Micky talk
(inaudible)

211 INT. CHARLES COTTAGE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

211

CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN

You say this fellow said terrible bad
things boys?

CHRIS

Yes, he did! He called me Chris a caca, Chris the shit, and made sounds like a hissing snake. From today I will only be called Christopher. I am only a wee boy but I will be deaf to any other name!

CONSTABLE O`DONOVAN

Well if I'm to find this creature, I need detailed information, so I do. Can you give a description, boys? Take your time now, leave nothing out - for I am a trained investigator. What might mean nothing to you could be a big clue to me. What did he look like?

PADRAIG

I can do better than that. I can give you a picture. That's the man there.

Padraig points to the whiskey bottle on the high mantelpiece.

PADRAIG (CONT`D)

It's him.

Padraig indicates the top-hatted, tail coated depiction on the Hunting Johnnie whiskey bottle. Constable O`Donovan closes his notebook.

CONSTABLE O`DONOVAN

Concluded *pro tem*. I am not sure that a crime has been committed. Maybe there was and maybe there was not. Sure boys,

He looks to Sean.

CONSTABLE O`DONOVAN (CONT`D)

..even grand lads like these can have wild imaginations. If there was a square fellow there is no sign of him. And that he was the man on the bottle, sure I don't know what to say about that.

Constable O`Donovan gives Sean a knowing wink.

SEAN

Perhaps the body was washed away on the tide?

CONSTABLE O'DONOVAN

That's as may be, Sean, but you got to the priest pretty bloody quick, so you say, when your sons told you what happened. Good job you did mind or the priest would surely be dead. Anyway, no body. Until there is, there is little to be done. We'll know more when the priest wakes up, if he wakes up.

212 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. EVENING. SAME DAY.

212

Sean, Miquel and Frankie sit in the bar. Each have a pint of Guinness.

SEAN

One thing for sure, my boys don't lie nor make things up. If they say there was some eejit causing torment that was knocked onto the rocks by Father Daniel, then that's good enough for me.

FRANKIE

Me too. I'm their uncle and those boys are on the square, on the level. What say you Gypo?

MIQUEL

Well I'm as good as family to those lads and there are none better. They do you and Alice proud Sean.

SEAN

I tell you what boys, it's been one almighty hell of a day for Father Dan.

MIQUEL

That's the simple truth. Ye'd not be wanting too many days like that in a month, no sir. Do you think he'll pull through?

SEAN

He should be dead, a ten-foot drop onto rocks should have killed him alright!

FRANKIE

He is a tough one. By rights he should

have died at Messines.

MIQUEL

Do you think we should call in at Mary-
Ellen's to see how he's getting on?

SEAN

I do not! He's best left with the
women tonight. I am not flinging
myself on the floor for a half hour of
the Rosary. My knees won't take it.
But I'll call in first thing tomorrow.

Sean finishes his drink.

SEAN

See you tomorrow lads.

Sean exits the bar.

213 CARD: SIX YEARS LATER

213

214 INT. DUFFY'S BAR. DAY.

214

Padraig and Christopher sit between Sean and Alice in the
back room. Kathleen (6) stands next to Alice. The boys have
in front of them two half-filled GLASSES of LEMONADE which
Miquel tops up from his pint of porter. Ginny is with them.
Duffy is behind the bar.

ALICE

No Gypo! Stop there, that will be
enough now.

MIQUEL

Alice, my lovely girl. Quit while
you're ahead for I will not stop.
Lemonade is no good for the boys; it
has no goodness in it. By God, they are
nearly men and need building up.

ALICE

Sean, tell the big eejit. I will not
have the fool turning my sons into
dipsomaniacs. Tell him to stop now!

SEAN

Alice, Alice, though I love you more
than life itself, you're on your own
on this one. The boys are fine and

there's no point in trying to make
Gypo see sense. The man's built like
an ox with brains to match.

Sean pulls Alice close and kisses her roughly and shoves
Christopher's cap down over his eyes.

PADRAIG

Tis only a drop of porter Mammy and
Da' gives us the same at home.

SEAN

I do not! How dare you tell such lies
to your mother, Padraig. It's the belt
for you when we get back. (Laughing)

ALICE

If anyone's getting the belt, it's you
Sean Charles! Thank God for Kathleen
here, the only sane one in the family,
surrounded by three eejits I am, day
in day out.

Kathleen stands by her mother's side with hands clasped
loosely in front. She beams at the compliment and then hugs
her mother's arm.

GINNY

Talking about eejits, I must be off.
They should be here by now; I'd best
away and see what's up.

MIQUEL

Stay where you are, Ginny. You fret
too much. They'll be here in a minute;
you know what they're like, always up
for a tumble and the rough-house. For
God's sake, yer man is like a child
himself. They'll be here in a minute.
I'll get you another port and lemon.

GINNY

No Gypo, one's enough.

MIQUEL

One is not enough, Ginny. Stay put and
be told now. I'll get a round; they'll
be here soon.

Miquel gets up and goes to the bar and sees Frankie and
Eamonn playing CARDS in the front room.

MIQUEL (CONT'D)

Frankie! Eamonn! Come and join us in the back. Frankie, a porter? Eamonn?

FRANKIE

Ten minutes, Gypo, we'll finish our game.

Eamonn waves at Miquel who returns to the table with the drinks.

CHRIS

Tell us a story Uncle Gypo.

PADRAIG

Yes a story!

CHRIS

Tell us about chasing the Black and Tans through the Belfast lofts...

PADRAIG

Was there a ten-thousand-pound price on your head?

CHRIS

Were you really called Tommy-Gun Maloni?

MIQUEL

Well boys, I can tell you no such stories, in public at least for I am sworn to secrecy by the President himself - gobshite that he is!

The door opens and MICHAEL (5) runs across the floor and throws himself into Ginny's arms. (We do not see who opened the door)

MIQUEL

I told you they would be here, Ginny, did I not? Little fella, Mick, come over here to your Uncle Gypo.

Miquel lifts Michael boy high until his head is on the ceiling. Michael squeals with delight. Chris and Padraig laugh.

GINNY

Be careful Gypo.

MIQUEL
I am being careful.

Miquel nods to Father O'Donnell who enters the room after Michael.

MIQUEL (CONT'D)
Here, catch.

Miquel throws Michael to Father O'Donnell who catches him.

GINNY
A pair of eejits, a pair of raging
eejits!

THE END

ROLL CREDITS

